

GOLD and RADIUM are HIDDEN in to-day's "Daily Mirror." See page 6.

The Daily Mirror.

No. 35.

Registered at the G. P. O.
as a Newspaper.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1903.

One Penny.

By Special Appointment to

HIS MAJESTY THE KING.

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

BROADWOOD PIANOFORTES.

U T A

Showrooms :

33, GREAT PULTENEY STREET, W.

(NEAR PICCADILLY CIRCUS).

The charm of a beautiful
face is increased by a
good complexion. . . .
Always use Mackenzie's
Complexion Soap. . . .



A box containing three 1/-
tablets, delicately perfumed,
sent post free for postal
order 2/6. Write to-day.

An Invitation

to use a most dainty toilet soap, specially made for ladies who value a
good complexion and all who care for the refinements of the toilet.
Will you try to-day

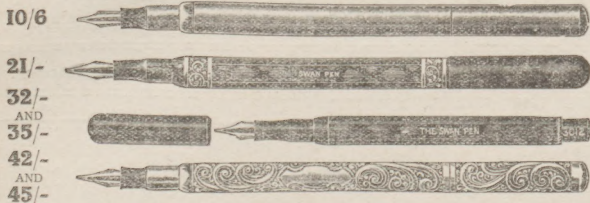
DR. MACKENZIE'S COMPLEXION SOAP?

It will make the skin soft, white, and flawless,
and the complexion beautifully radiant.

S. HARVEY & CO., 2 and 4, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

ON REFLECTION it is apparent that a
"SWAN" FOUNTAIN PEN

Is the most appropriate and thoroughly useful
 CHRISTMAS PRESENT one could give a friend.



10/6 to £20, post free. Sold by all Stationers and Jewellers.

Write for Illustrated Catalogue of Presentation Pens.

MABIE, TODD & BARD, 93, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.;
 95a, REGENT ST., W., London;
 3, Exchange Street, Manchester, and Brenano's, Paris.



A polish unique alike for its
 superlative brightening powers
 and cleansing propensities—it
 adds a degree of comfort and
 pride to a man to see his boots

beautifully clean and bright, and
 aids him in acquiring better
 prospects. Just try one tin, will
 you? It is only in 2d., 4d., and 6d.
 tins, you know—very cheap, eh?



Of all Stores, Grocers, Oilmen, and Bootmakers.
 MAKERS:
CHISWICK SOAP CO., LONDON, W.



PURVEYORS
TO THE KING

Grosse & Blackwell's Soups

IN GLASSES,
 TINS AND TABLETS.

OF GROCERS. ALL STORES, ETC.

Columbia Graphophones.

THE WORLD'S BEST TALKING MACHINE. HOS

The Graphophone has earned the right to be designated the World's Best Talking Machine. As the result of discoveries in the Graphophone laboratory have come important advances in the talking-machine art. These have at once been adopted in the manufacture of the instruments, so that to-day the Graphophone is the simplest and nearest perfect of any talking machine on the market. It was the only one awarded the Grand Prix, at Paris, in 1900. Every other machine of importance was passed in review, but the Graphophone alone was selected for the exclusive honour of the Grand Prix.

**COLUMBIA DISC
 GRAPHOPHONES**
 are made in three different
 models.

Type A.K., with Concert
 Sound Box, 14 in. Horn,
 £3 3s.

Type A.J., larger and im-
 proved model. Brass
 Bell to Trumpet, etc., etc.,
 £4 4s.

Type A.H. (Model de Luxe)
 with latest improved Knife-
 edged Sound Box, £6 6s.

**Columbia
 DISC
 Graphophones**

BEST OF ALL HOME ENTERTAINERS

GRAND PRIX PARIS 1900.

BRISTLE WITH GOOD POINTS.

£3-3-0. £4-4-0. £6-6-0.

HENRY KLEIN & CO.,
 84, Oxford Street,
 LONDON, W.

**COLUMBIA DISC
 RECORDS.**

7 in. - - - 2/0 each.
 10 in. - - - 4/- each.
 14 in. - - - 8/6 each.
 Grand Opera - 8/6 each.

**NICOLE DISC
 RECORDS.**

UNBREAKABLE.
 DO NOT WEAR OUT.

7 in. - - - 1/- each.
 10 in. - - - 2/6 each.

Of the "Grand Opera" Records, the following are now published (sung in Italian) :-
 SOPRANO SOLO by Madame SUZANNE ADAMS.

(Piano accompaniment.)

1197 Valse Aria "Romeo and Juliet" - - - - Gounod.

BARITONE SOLOS by ANTONIO SCOTTI.
 (Piano accompaniment.)

1206 Prologue "Il Pagliaccio" - - - - Leoncavallo.
 1207 Selections "Don Juan" - - - - Mozart.

BASS SOLOS by EDOUARD DE RESZKE.
 (Piano accompaniment.)

1221 Infelice "Ernani" - - - - Verdi.
 1222 Canzone del Porter "Martha" - - - - Von Flotow.
 1223 Serenade "Don Juan" - - - - Tchaikowsky.

BARITONE SOLOS by Signor CAMPANARI.
 (Piano accompaniment.)

1224 Cavatina "Faust" - - - - Gounod. S
 1225 Serenade - - - - Sepilli.
 1226 Aria "Il Barbiere de Seville" - - - - Rossini.
 1227 Toreador Song "Carmen" - - - - Bizet.

Our special forecast for to-day is: Gusty westerly to north-westerly winds; colder; showers with bright intervals. Lighting-up time for all vehicles, 4.17.

SEA PASSAGES.

English Channel, North Sea, and Irish Channel, all rather rough to moderate.

345th Day of Year.

Friday, Dec. 11, 1903.

20 days to Dec. 31.

The Daily Mirror.

1903-04.	December.	January.
Sun.	13 20 27 ...	3
Mon.	14 21 28 ...	4
Tues.	15 22 29 ...	5
Wed.	16 23 30 ...	6
Thurs.	17 24 31 ...	7
Fri.	11 18 25 ...	1 8
Sat.	12 19 26 ...	2 9

To-Day's News at a Glance.

Home.

The Duke of Westminster, when out hunting on Wednesday, was thrown while taking a fence and sustained a fracture of the right collar-bone. The injury, fortunately, is very slight, and the Duke is already able to take walking exercise and to drive in his motor-cars.

Colonel Martin, who led the charge of the 21st Lancers at Omdurman with only a riding whip in his hand, has retired from the service.

Purchase of the entire site upon which Christ's Hospital, London, stood, was stated, at a City Corporation meeting yesterday, to be contemplated by the Post Office authorities.

For how Mr. Hugh Taylor won the second Daily Mirror radium prize see page 5.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie cabled yesterday from New York to the "Dundee Courier," denying that he has supplied the Liberal party with funds; and adds: "I am no partisan in British politics."

Triumph is the new name of the Libertad, the Chilean battleship recently bought by the British Government.

Two Bibles, bound in parchment and ivory, so that they may be easily washed, have been presented to the Cardiff Police Court for the swearing of witnesses.

Lyfard Jeune, speaking at a church bazaar at Ilford yesterday, said that in spite of the cry of national decadence, life was being made purer and better on the whole, on account of so many people giving time and money to further church work.

Over 700 new members have joined the Primrose League during the last seven days.

Although recovering fast, Mr. Gerald Balfour will not leave Whittingeham till after the new year.

A first edition of Beaumont and Fletcher's "Plays" realised £31 10s. yesterday at Sotheby's.

The Liverpool Cotton Market is quiet again.

Redemptorist monks have bought five acres of land at Bishop's Stortford for the erection of a monastery. A new Roman Catholic church is to be erected on grounds adjoining the parish church.

The new principal of Bede College, Durham, is the Rev. D. Jones, Vicar Choral of Lichfield Cathedral.

Earl Nelson, who is eighty-one years of age, is seriously ill at Trafalgar House, near Salisbury.

Six hundred students are waiting for the opening of the East Ham Technical College. The foundation-stone was laid yesterday.

The first and second class passengers of the liner Kronland were yesterday transferred to the Teutonic, and sailed for New York in that steamship.

Most cases of suicide in women take place on Sunday, says "Science Siftings." Monday is a favourite day, and fewest suicides take place on Saturday.

An estate of £37,833 11s. 8d. has been left by the late Mr. George Lichtenfeld, wig maker, of 79, Regent-street.

About 10,000 caution boards will have to be erected by the local authorities under the new Motor-car Act, says the "Car."

A meeting is to be held in London on Monday next for the purpose of forming a society of Northamptonshire men in the metropolis.

Foreign.

The Japanese House of Representatives has condemned the policy of the Government with regard to Russia, as stated by the Emperor in his speech at the opening of the Diet yesterday.—See page 4.

As chief of a local regiment of Pomeranian Hussars (Prussia), King Edward has given £50 towards the erection of a Blucher monument.

Russian public opinion is greatly excited lest Lord Curzon's tour in the Persian Gulf should have increased Britain's prestige and diminished Russia's in that region.

The French police have searched for two hours at the residence of M. Vidal, at Perpignan, but have found no trace of the papers concerning the Humbert affair.

So many cases of women being stopped and robbed in the streets of Boston, U.S.A. have occurred that the Chairman of the Police Commission has advised them to go armed and shoot their assailants.

Large numbers of Jews intend to leave Kishineff (Russia) early next year, and many of the poorer ones desire to come to England.

The arrival of Turkish reinforcements to aid the troops who were attacked has caused the Bulgarian bands to retire to the hills, where they are said to be surrounded.

This year's vintage in France shows a decrease of 1,125 gallons as compared with 1902.

The Panama Republic has been recognised by Austria-Hungary.

A violent storm has partially unroofed the Palace at Zanzibar.

Increase in the number of trains during the vintage season in Southern Italy has caused delays in the mail trains, and the Government is taking measures to prevent the recurrence of the stoppages.

Mr. Horace Plunkett has arrived at New York, and intends to arrange an elaborate Irish exhibit at the St. Louis Exposition.

The little German fishing village of Finkenwälder, on the Elbe, of 2,000 inhabitants, has lost during the last twenty years ten per cent. of its seafaring population by drowning.

The story of the Nobel prize winners is told on page 4.

Mr. Adolphus Drucker, described as a former Member of Parliament and a member of the Junior Carlton and other clubs, died yesterday in the alcoholic ward of Bellevue Hospital, New York.

Racecourse receipts in New York State are taxed and the proceeds, which amounted to £40,000 last season, are devoted to prizes for the best cattle and sheep.

The Paris Aero Club has accepted M. Eiffel's offer to use the tower that bears his name for aerostatic experiments.

A Dutch farmer has been killed and his farm burned at Khiss by a Hottentot patrol of sixty men. Several farmers living on adjoining British territory have fled.

Political.

The Cabinet meets at the Foreign Office at noon to-day.

The Duke of Devonshire and Mr. Chamberlain have been granted the use of the Guildhall for the purpose of delivering addresses on the fiscal question. Mr. Chamberlain hopes that the meeting will be of a non-political character.

To fight the old battle of Free Trade vs. Protection over again is the reason given by Sir William Harcourt for his visit to his constituents at West Monmouth to-day.

Speaking at Bradford last night, Mr. Asquith said that a portion of the Tory party had been protectionist at heart for years, and that section now joined Mr. Chamberlain. The Liberals were united, however, on this matter.

Colonial.

Sir Curzon Wyllie, who is understood to be visiting India in connection with the Prince of Wales's proposed tour next autumn, was present at the gorgeous ceremony of the investiture of the Maharajah of Alwar by the Viceroy yesterday.

Several splendid specimens of carved woodwork in India have been white washed by British "improvers."

Obituary.

The death is announced of Lord Stanley of Alderley, who was well-known in the diplomatic circles of Turkey and Greece between 1851 and 1859.

The death of Baron Arthur de Rothschild occurred suddenly yesterday morning at his villa at Monte Carlo.

The death took place last evening of the Rev. A. D. Donaldson, Canon of Truro, and the author of a large history of the cathedral.

A breeder of fox-terriers who once exhibited an "all England" champion has passed away in the person of Mr. William Thurnall, a Kettering solicitor.

Sir Michael Robert Shaw-Stewart, an ex-M.P. for Renfrewshire, has died at Ardgowan.

Law and Police Courts.

An alleged libel in the "Stratford-on-Avon Herald" will be the subject of an action brought by Miss Marie Corelli at Birmingham next Wednesday.

Lady Russell has obtained a decree nisi in the divorce suit brought against her husband, "Prince" William Brown.

"He wears a clean shirt and collar every day," was the answer of a creditor at Bow County Court, when asked to prove that the defendant had means to pay.

A man said to be deaf, summoned for keeping noisy dogs, explained that he only heard them make a "faint murmur."

SANDRINGHAM FIRE.

Queen Alexandra Roused in the Night.

BEDROOM CEILING FELL

Reassuring Message Sent to the King.

The slumbers of Queen Alexandra were rudely interrupted early yesterday morning by the cry of "Fire." Sandringham, where her Majesty is at present in residence, was aroused between five and six o'clock by Miss Knollys, who had awakened to find her bedroom full of smoke. The chamber has immediate access to Queen Alexandra's, and her first thought was to secure the safety of her Majesty, who, wrapped in a dressing-gown, escaped into the corridor, just in time to avoid the fall of the ceiling of her room.

By now Sir Dighton Probyn had joined the Queen and Miss Knollys. It was he who alarmed the household fire brigade, and it says much for the efficiency of that body that, without calling for outside aid, and within a very short interval, the flames were entirely subdued.

The danger that her Majesty had escaped will be the better understood when it is explained that the outbreak was confined to her bedroom and that of Miss Knollys.

Cause of the Fire.

Several versions are current as to the cause of the fire. One account says that the outbreak was caused by the fusion of the electric light wires above the fireplace in Miss Knollys's bedroom, thus igniting a beam in the chimney. Another theory is that the beam was ignited by the heat from the fireplace. It is agreed, however, that the beam must have been smouldering all night before breaking out into flame, and Miss Knollys's providential awakening is thought by everybody to have prevented a very serious conflagration.

As is usually the case, as much damage was done by the water used to extinguish the flames as by the fire itself. At first it was estimated that it would cost £3,000 to put the two rooms in order again, but a later estimate places the figure considerably lower.

During the day a special messenger left Sandringham for Elveden, where King Edward is staying, with a highly reassuring report; so satisfactory, indeed, that no change whatsoever will be made in his Majesty's plans for the week.

Our Sandringham correspondent, wiring late last night, states that there is every reason to believe that the fire at Sandringham will not materially interfere with the Court functions at their Majesties' Norfolk residence, and that everything will be quite in order there in a few days.

Previous Fires.

In 1891 there was an extremely serious outbreak of fire at Sandringham. It originated in a bedroom near the top of the house in the early part of the morning of Sunday, November 1.

Fires had been lighted in all the rooms of the house in anticipation of the arrival of the Prince of Wales on the following Saturday. It was surmised that a spark from one of the flues had come in contact with some of the woodwork, but whatever the cause, so serious was the fire that the upper part of the building, and the second and third floors were entirely gutted, and their contents destroyed.

As Prince of Wales King Edward acted as amateur fireman with great energy. When there was an outbreak of fire at Marlborough House in July, 1885, he took command of the water-taps, and superintended the filling and passing of jugs and buckets. When Captain Shaw arrived with the brigade he found the Prince in his shirt sleeves hard at work pulling up the flooring to get at the seat of the fire.

GORDON-BENNETT CUP.

Homburg, the scene of the next Gordon-Bennett Cup race for automobiles, is already getting ready for the big event. The course, as was the case in Ireland, will be a circular one; that is to say, both start and finish will be seen from the same spot.

The Saalburg, the highest point on the Homburg-Mayence road, has been selected as the starting-post, and here a grand stand, shaped like an amphitheatre, will be erected. The road will divide this building into two sections, which will be joined by a subway.

There will be seats for 3,000 spectators and an Imperial box for the Kaiser and his entourage.

The Burgomaster of Homburg, Herr von Marx, to whom the Kaiser has delegated the preparations for this international contest, has set about his task in a very businesslike way. His first object has been to settle the housing problem. To effect this he has canvassed the hotel-keepers of the entire district, and will tabulate the accommodation obtainable at Homburg, Frankfurt, Wiesbaden, Bieberich, Donaldshausen, etc., so that none of the numerous visitors that are expected need sleep out of doors.

The information thus collected will be sent on to the secretaries of all the leading automobile clubs, who will be warned that quarters for their members will have to be ordered in advance.

An immense garage will also be erected, probably on the paddock of Herr von Marx.

THE SPARTAN MONARCH.

King Alexander's One Frock-Coat and Queen Draga's Many Dresses.

A list has just been obtained of the articles of clothing of the ill-fated King and Queen of Serbia, which are to be sold by auction at the end of the month.

The richness of the unhappy Draga's wardrobe contrasts oddly with the paucity of the King's clothing.

The personal property of the royal pair is thus summed up:—

QUEEN DRAGA.	KING ALEXANDER.
39 dresses.	1 overcoat.
48 blouses.	1 frock-coat.
19 tea gowns.	11 suits.
150 pairs of shoes.	1 fancy waistcoat.
122 pairs of silk stockings.	3 wigs.
A host of minor articles.	

A pathetic interest attaches to the bridal dress of Queen Draga, of white satin, worked with sprigs of myrtle and orange-blossom.

A NEW WORD WANTED.

A party of five ladies, assembled yesterday afternoon at a Bond-street tea-shop, decided in solemn conclave that the word "spinster" should be eliminated from the English language. It was offensive, it suggested age and desecration, and the male equivalent of "bachelor" was a flattering and coveted contrast.

It was therefore decided to start a club. The Lady Bachelors is the provisional title, pending the discovery of something more original.

The rules are to be as follows:—That members of the club shall consist of girls who are not single by reason of the fact that they have never received a proposal; girls who have never had the opportunity of rejecting an offer of marriage; and engaged girls.

That when a member of the club is married no fine be imposed; on the contrary, the bride will be asked to accept congratulations and a charming present.

That such a bride should, however, cease to be a member of the club.

LONDON DRENCHED WITH RAIN.

Pedestrians in London streets had to run the gauntlet of a mud bath again yesterday, for during the day rain descended in drenching torrents. Unless there is an immediate improvement in the weather it is probable that there will be a recurrence of the floods in the Thames Valley.

REPORTED SOMALI MUTINY.

It is rumoured at Aden (says Reuter) that the British Somali levies have mutinied and joined the Mullah.

A JANUS-LIKE CANDIDATE.

Major Coates, the Ministerialist candidate for Lewisham, has been the subject of much comment on account of his indecisive attitude with regard to the fiscal question.

At a meeting at Lee last evening in connection with his candidature a statement was read that Major Coates:—

(1) Supports Mr. Balfour's policy, as stated at Sheffield; but (2) also supports Mr. Chamberlain's larger scheme; and (3) preserves an open mind on details.

THE FIRST QUESTION OF THE DAY.

Last night, at Halifax, Mr. Austen Chamberlain said there were two questions of great importance before the public. These were the administration of the Army and the Navy and the fiscal policy. On both questions the Government had spoken through the Prime Minister. For us the Army question was first and foremost, and the lines set down by the Prime Minister were the best for them.

BEQUEST OF AN R.A.'S WORKS.

The Gilbert collection in the Art Gallery of the City of London Corporation has been enriched by the addition of twelve oil paintings and eighty-one water-colours, the work of the late Sir John Gilbert, R.A.

THE MIKADO'S SPEECH.

Japanese Commons Condemn the Government's Policy.

The Emperor of Japan opened the Diet yesterday morning.

In the part of his speech referring to the situation between Russia and Japan, his Majesty (says Reuter) only said that his Ministers were now "conducting with prudence and circumspection important international negotiations for the preservation of peace in the Far East and of Japan's rights and interests."

The House of Representatives adopted without a division a reply to the speech from the throne, imputing to the Ministry a temporising policy at home and the neglect of its opportunities abroad. This is regarded as doubly significant because the reply hitherto has always been merely a formal expression of thanks to the Emperor for his condescension in personally opening the Diet.

Inquiries at the Japanese Legation in London yesterday elicited the fact that no news of the reported threat of the despatch of 3,000 Russians to Seoul, the Korean capital, had been received. The officials pointed out what was indicated in yesterday's *Daily Mirror*—that the fact of Russian cruisers assembling off Chemulpo is not *per se* a reason for uneasiness.

It was pointed out that the Emperor's address to the Diet was primarily intended to be pacific, and that the negotiations between the Japanese and Russian Governments were expected to be concluded at any moment, to the satisfaction of both parties.

Japan had already replied to the Russian Note, and it now remained for Russia to answer Japan's counter proposals. Everything would depend upon that answer, which was expected to be delivered by the Russian Government very shortly.

FRENCH POISON CASE.

Astonishing Features of a Terrible Crime.

An extraordinary poison case is creating a great sensation at Marseilles.

Madame Massot, wife of a captain in the Messageries Maritimes, had a lover, a young man of twenty-three, named Hubac. They wished to get rid of the husband, and he was poisoned by the administration of corrosive sublimate.

Massot died, and his death was assumed to be from natural causes. But one day a servant, named Lucie Clar, saw her mistress tear up three letters. She picked up the fragments, and placed them together.

The letters were from Hubac, who complained of the "painful slowness" of Massot's illness, and announced that he was sending Madame a new phial of poison. "You know," he wrote, "that you will not be long a widow, and that I will marry you as soon as he is dead."

The servant spoke to a baker's wife; the latter told her husband; the husband told the police; and the lover and wife are now in custody.

Some extraordinary letters have been found. In one, written before Massot's death, Hubac, who is a handsome young man, wrote:—

"I am in continual anxiety. Our barque has passed through many storms, and will need a safe port. Be free. You must at all costs. As to money matters do not trouble; I will work for you."

Father and Child.

In another passage he said:—

"We shall be united for ever, and when death comes, after a last kiss, the breeze will waft our souls above, to the refuge where, I am sure, God places side by side for eternity those lovers who have truly loved on earth."

The servant, Lucie Clar, believes that it was intended to poison her, and also the little child of Madame Massot, the latter's frankness being a danger to the guilty couple.

An example is given. One night the servant gave the five-year-old child a waistcoat belonging to his dead father. "Take that in remembrance of him," she said, "your father is in heaven, and you will never see him again."

The child replied: "I know I shall not see him. We are well and of him. He won't bother us again." This was evidently the echo of a conversation between Hubac and the mother in the child's presence. Lucie Clar repeated the incident to Madame Massot, who exclaimed: "Oh, that child; he will be our undoing!"

BLIND WOMAN'S BREACH OF PROMISE ACTION.

Attired in the blue dress which she declared was to have been her wedding gown, a blind woman, named Taberner, yesterday appeared as plaintiff in an action for breach of promise at Liverpool Assizes.

She lives at Pemberton, and according to her counsel's statement a man named Hamilton, six months after his wife died, in May, 1901, asked her whether she would keep company with him, but she somewhat naturally felt that her blindness was a drawback to matrimony.

However, in 1902, Hamilton gave her an engagement ring, and in April, 1903, took her to a local draper's and selected the cloth for a wedding dress. Subsequently he denied any promise of marriage.

At this stage the case was adjourned.

THE WORLD OF MOTOR CARS.

Remarkable Scenes at the Great Paris Show.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Paris, Thursday Night.

This morning the Champs Elysées was full of handsome equipages and electric broughams, all making in the direction of the Grand Palais.

The weather was delightfully dry and fine, and just as ten o'clock was striking the spirited horses which drew the Elysée carriage came at a brisk trot up the avenue.

M. Loubet had promised to inaugurate the sixth International Automobile Exhibition. As the Presidential carriage stopped in front of the Palace and M. Loubet walked up the entrance, the strains of the Marseillaise rose on the air, and there was much doffing of hats and bowing by a distinguished company of senators, deputies, ambassadors, and members of the Automobile Club of France.

A Striking Scene.

Inside, the spectacle was a brilliant and impressive one. As he stood in the centre under the lofty glass roof, M. Loubet could see nothing but automobiles, in front, behind, and on all sides of him, stretching from end to end of the vast building.

The stands are exceedingly pretty, for ideas as to their decoration are stimulated by an award to the occupants of those which look the best. Wherever I wandered, pretty coloured flags, beautiful plants, and tasteful hangings contributed to the striking effect of the harmonious whole.

M. Loubet spent two hours in inspecting the exhibits, showing an intelligent interest in everything. Before he left he offered his sincere congratulations to the organisers of the exhibition.

In the afternoon the crush was so great that a strong force of police had to "channelise" the visitors to make the crowd manageable.

You saw actresses, officers, and exquisites struggling vainly to reach the doors, and once inside it was not much better. One was simply swayed backwards and forwards pretending to look at the motor cars. After half an hour of this most people had had enough of it, and then began another effort for air and liberty.

At four o'clock the awful possibilities involved in a sudden panic or an outbreak of fire led the authorities to close for a time, and at five o'clock it was decided to admit no more—a decision which caused a tremendous uproar.

I noticed several British M.P.s and their wives among the visitors, and motor experts of all nationalities eagerly looked at the stalls. The car which had won the Paris-Bordeaux race came in for a specially large share of attention.

The Real Entente.

Over the stand of the Hozier Engineering Company, of Glasgow, was a signboard showing a French working man and a British blacksmith clasping each other's hands, with the motto "The Real Entente Cordiale."

A motor lamp for seeing round corners is one of the most striking novelties. This is not so Hibernian as it sounds, for it is fixed so that in turning a corner the lamp, instead of shining ahead, turns in the direction the car is going.

A handsome new Serpollet car, sumptuously upholstered, and ordered by the Shah of Persia, attracted much attention. There is also an automobile train which will pull a string of carts, and can turn in the width of a village street.

The show was a magnificent success, and when the million lights were turned on after dark a murmur of admiration rose from every part of the building.

It is estimated that fully 100,000 people visited the exhibition to-day.

DEATH OF SIR M. SHAW-STEWART.

Since the shock Sir Michael Shaw-Stewart sustained some two years ago when his youngest son was accidentally drowned on his way home from South Africa, he had never been in the best of health. His death occurred yesterday at Ardgowan, his seat near Greenock, in Renfrewshire, in which county most of his property lies, and of which he was Lord-Lieutenant.

He married a great aunt of the Duke of Westminster, Lady Octavia Grosvenor, and their golden wedding was celebrated just a year ago. Sir Michael is succeeded by his son, Captain Michael Shaw-Stewart, who is M.P. for the East Division of Renfrewshire, and is married to a sister of Lord Bath.

LADY'S SKILL WITH THE LASSO.

Lady Constance Mackenzie, telegraphs our New York correspondent, has astonished cowboys at San Lazarus Ranch by her skill with the horse and rifle. Lady Constance tried lassoing, and, much to the surprise of the cowboys, succeeded in throwing one animal.

Dressed in kilts, she afterwards attended a cowboy dance, displaying a lavish assortment of firearms in her belt.

A COUNCILLOR'S CONCEIT.

The worthy Camberwell councillor who had suggested that members of his council should display an outward and visible sign of their authority by wearing a badge or button decorated with the Borough crest failed to put in an appearance at the weekly meeting yesterday, with the result that his motion fell through.

NOBEL PRIZE-WINNERS.

Madame Curie Among Them—Mr. Cremer Wins the Peace Prize.

Most interesting is the list of winners of the four Nobel prizes—provided out of funds left by the millionaire explosives manufacturer, Nobel.

One prize is offered for the person who has contributed most to the cause of international peace, and the others for distinguished achievements in the fields of science, literature, and art.

In physics the honour is secured by the discoverers of radium. The prize is divided between Professor Henri Becquerel, of Paris, and M. and Madame Curie. The latter were the actual discoverers of the wonderful element, but it was M. Becquerel's work that paved the way for their success. This is the first time a lady has obtained a prize.

Professor Arrhenius, of Stockholm, secured the Chemistry prize, and Professor Finsen, of Copenhagen, that for Medicine. Professor Finsen was the discoverer of the new treatment of lupus which Queen Alexandra has introduced into this country.

The prize for Literature is secured by the famous novelist and dramatist, M. Bjørnson. These four prizes are awarded by the Academy of Sciences of Norway. The peace prize, on the other hand, is by the provisions of Nobel's will allotted by a committee of five members of the Storting, the Norwegian Parliament.

The prize, which is of the value of £7,830, has been awarded to Mr. W. R. Cremer, M.P., for his work on behalf of International Arbitration. It is certainly deserved, for Mr. Cremer thrice visited the United States in support of a Treaty of Arbitration, and for years worked hard in preparing English opinion for such a measure.

He has been for twenty-eight years Secretary of the International Arbitration League, and has visited every country in Europe advocating its objects. He was also the founder of the International Parliamentary Conference held since 1888. He has twice before been a candidate for the prize.

The formal distribution of the prizes took place last evening in the presence of the King and several members of the Royal Family.

After music and speeches, the prize-winners present, M.M. Becquerel, Arrhenius, and Bjørnson, received their prizes, with the diploma and Nobel gold medal, from the hands of the King. The absent prize-winners were represented by the Danish and French Ministers.

A JUDGE ON DIMINISHING CRIME.

Mr. Justice Bigham, addressing the grand jury at the Birmingham Assizes yesterday, said wherever he had gone on the Midland Circuit he found diminution of crime. He did not think it was difficult to find a cause for this happy state of things. In the last forty or fifty years there had been great solitudes for the health of the people. They lived in better surroundings. Legislation had protected them against overwork and too early work. They were also better educated, and wealth had enormously increased, indicating good employment and good wages. "We were certainly richer now than we ever were before."

ONCE SOLICITOR, NOW CONVICT.

Once a wealthy solicitor, of the firm of Booty and Bayliffe, now a convict at Wormwood Scrubs, where he is undergoing a term of seven years' penal servitude for offences under the Larceny Acts, Miles Booty appeared in the Bankruptcy Court yesterday to undergo public examination.

The receiving order shows a deficit of £66,120. Speculations in land in the South of London and the Isle of Wight had resulted in a total loss to the firm of £100,000.

REAL FEASTING ON THE STAGE.

In the Imperial Opera House of Vienna stage realism is adhered to as much as possible. If wine has to be drunk it is not coloured water, but real wine, and the singers see that it is good. In some operas these stage feasts form a heavy item.

"In 'La Bohème,' now running, the famous café house scene is a costly affair. Ten plates of good soup, one bottle of claret, two bottles of champagne, three litres of Lager beer, twelve cups of coffee, eight glasses of raspberry and soda, seven salt herrings, and a quantity of cake are regularly consumed at every performance.

MR. CHURCHILL'S FORECAST.

Mr. Winston Churchill, M.P., addressed a crowded meeting at Chelsea Town Hall last evening on the fiscal question. He regretted to say that in the Conservative party the cause of protection was making very great progress indeed. To persuade men like Sir Howard Vincent and Mr. Chaplin to become protectionists would be no harder a task than to ask a confirmed toper to enter a public-house. He feared that nothing short of a crushing, smashing electoral disaster was going to bring them to their senses again. (Cheers.) If the Tory party in England became protectionists it would be a national calamity.

Entertaining the King and Queen of Italy at the Guildhall cost £1,575.

THE RAILWAY DANGER.

Expert Gives Advice to Ladies Travelling Alone.

The assailant of Miss Goss, the young lady who was brutally treated when travelling alone in a second class carriage between Alsager and Stoke-on-Trent on Tuesday night, is still at large.

The escaped lunatic who was at first suspected is, so the police aver, not the man that is wanted. They are working on an entirely different clue, and, spurred by the reward of £100 that has been offered, are raising a general hue and cry in the whole district.

Miss Goss, who is suffering even more from shock than from the blows that were dealt her, is making rapid progress, and yesterday was very much better.

This outrage revives the question of the best means of communication between the passengers and the engine driver. At present a variety of methods prevail, but a uniform system, approved by the Board of Trade, is in course of adoption by all the great companies. This consists of two cords situated over each door of a compartment. By pulling down any one of the cords an alarmed passenger can personally apply the engine brakes. At the same time a disc outside the carriage door is released, indicating to the officials the scene of the trouble. All the express trains in the country, except those travelling from London to the South Coast, will be provided with this standardised system within the next two years.

A well-known railway authority yesterday furnished some valuable hints to lady passengers. "The greatest safeguard," he said, "is for a woman to choose a compartment in which there are other women. For that purpose compartments are reserved for 'ladies only,' and it has always been a mystery to me why ladies do not avail themselves more of that provision."

"In the case of a lady passenger being attacked when alone, as was Miss Goss, the surest way of bringing the train to an immediate standstill after the cord has been pulled is to fling open the door. The driver and guard invariably look along the train in answer to a call from the communication cord, but it is not the rule to stop until the nearest station is reached. If, however, a door is seen to be open the train is pulled up to enable the guard to close it."

HISTORIC CASKET FOUND.

Passing a West End curio shop Mr. Hubbard, a City architect, saw a casket in the window. He entered and asked the price, which he was told was £50.

Mr. Hubbard took the casket home on approval, and, after a day or two, wrote, asking the dealer whether he would accept a cheque for £25, or have the casket returned. The dealer accepted the cheque.

On examining his prize, Mr. Hubbard found the intertwined monogram of Henry II. and Diana of Poitiers—two "D's" and an "H"—in ten places, as well as other marks which proved the box to be one presented by the King to his favourite.

"The find is unique," said an expert, "and it would probably fetch £5,000 if put up for sale by auction."

The casket will be exhibited at South Kensington Museum.

BRUTALITY IN THE GERMAN ARMY.

A sergeant in the 153rd Regiment of German Infantry was sentenced yesterday at Halle to fourteen months' imprisonment for numerous cases of maltreating soldiers. The men often fainted under his brutal treatment, and he habitually spat in men's faces.

THE SECOND LARGEST DIAMOND.

There are shareholders in some South African mines who will read with envy the report of the meeting of the Ottos Kopje Diamond Mines, for, during his speech yesterday, the Chairman displayed an enormous diamond taken from their Kimberley mine.

He said that it was the second largest in the world, and worth about £2,000, having a weight of 336½ carats. It would have been worth a fabulous amount had its colour been better.

DEATH OF A ROTHSCHILD.

Baron Arthur de Rothschild died suddenly yesterday morning at his villa at Monte Carlo.

Born in Paris some fifty-three years ago, he was better known in the French capital and on the Riviera than in this country. As a member of the famous Rothschild family he was, of course, a very rich man, whose hobbies were art, motoring, and yachting. Upon his beautiful yacht, the Eros, he entertained lavishly, as he did at his luxurious villa at Monte Carlo.

LONDON SPELLS LOSS.

The Royal Agricultural Society, that, formerly, used to hold its annual exhibition in different parts of the country, last year acquired a permanent home at Willesden.

Yesterday, Lord Derby, presiding at the half-yearly general meeting, stated that the first exhibition of the society under the new conditions had led to a decrease in the number of visitors and in the entry fees received for implements and live stock. They had therefore decided to limit the prize sheet to a total amount of £5,000.

LADY RUSSELL'S DIVORCE.

Released from the Coachman who Masqueraded as Prince.

What Mr. Bargrave Deane calls the "life tragedy" of Mabel, Countess Russell, entered on, it is to be hoped, a happier phase in the Divorce Court yesterday. She there obtained release from the amazing marriage which, on December 19, 1902, she contracted with the coachman, William Brown, the *so-disant* "Prince Athrobald Stewart de Modena."

The Countess's sufferings have been much advertised, and when she came into court wearing a long cloak of dove-grey, the smartly dressed throng who had come to play the part of spectators whispered that the colour of her costume was not chosen without design, and that it was symbolical of injured innocence. The Countess's toque was also dove-coloured, and the articles of her attire that were not of this pathetic hue were of spotless white.

Lena, Lady Scott, who has been her daughter's inseparable companion, on all occasions of her public appearances in court, was again by her side. Lady Scott was not dressed as a dove. She was in black, relieved by a very smart white toque.

A Pathetic Change.

When the Countess went into the witness box to re-tell the well-known story of her deception by the "Prince of Modena," everybody was struck by the haggard appearance of the face that used to be so fresh and pretty. She herself soon gave a pathetic little explanation of the change. "He made me very unhappy and ill," she said.

Mr. Bargrave Deane made Lady Russell's task as easy as he could. He touched very lightly on the introduction to the "Prince of Modena," and what the Countess believed from the "Prince's" lips. He made no reference to the courtship on Henley Reach, and only a passing, though necessary, mention of the marriage at the Portsmouth Registry Office.

To his questions the Countess replied with a murmured series of "Yes," "Yes," "Yes," and piteous little glances from Judge to Bar.

It was not until Mr. Deane had gone quickly over the scene when the "Prince," now a hall-marked coachman, had been released from Winchester Gaol, where he had been lying, to take his trial for making a false declaration, and had been received back as her lawful spouse by the Countess, at her house in Bray, that more than exclamations of assent were required from her. She was asked to tell the court how her coachman husband behaved.

The Coachman's Cruelty.

The Countess looked for a moment towards Lady Scott for inspiration and support. Lady Scott had herself been forced to summon the aid of a large green bottle of smelling salts, behind which she sat.

In a few simple words the Countess told the story of the coachman's cruelty. He had behaved rudely. He had stopped out late. He had threatened to throw plates and paper knives at her. He had used bad language. Finally, he had struck her such a blow that she became unconscious. This happened after she had taxed him with infidelity on information supplied by Mr. Conquest, the private detective.

The Countess was obviously relieved when she was informed that her ordeal was over, and took refuge at her mother's side.

Mr. Conquest then told a brief, unpleasant tale about a meeting in Burlington-arcade between Mr. Brown and another woman, and a subsequent visit to a restaurant.

After Lady Scott, armed with the green bottle of smelling salts, had given evidence, Mr. Justice Barnes pronounced the decree nisi.

PEARL NECKLACES SOLD FOR £13,000.

Two magnificent pearl necklaces were disposed of at Messrs. Christie's auction rooms yesterday in the presence of a large gathering of well-known people.

The first was a triple-row necklace, composed of 153 round pearls of the highest Orient, all evenly matched and graduated. Commencing with a bid of £2,000, the price rose by rapid bids to £6,500, when it was secured by Mr. Morrison. The other necklace consisted of a pearl rope containing 198 pearls, and was also sold for £6,500 after being started at £3,000.

The names of the late owners did not transpire.

THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

Stock Markets continue their game of see-saw. Yesterday was the time for the proposed, thanks to the news about the Russian Fleet and Korea. Later in the day the Market dealers put their heads together, and talked about the Mikado's speech at the opening of the Japanese Parliament. On the whole, they said, it was satisfactory. It made no good impression on prices. Nearly everything went down. Consols all along the line. There was a new 4 per cent. loan of £200,000 on the part of Port Elizabeth, offered at 97, and this set the dealers talking, and a coming London County Council issue, and more Local Loans stock on the part of the Government. So that everybody was talking about over-borrowing again, and that did not help matters.

The wet weather caused Home Railway stocks to suffer, for wet weather means poor traffic. The South Eastern Convertible Preference issue, it seems, was allotted to applicants in full.

There was continued inquiry for American Brewery depositions, as a result of the succession of good reports recently issued by the different companies. Another feature in the Miscellaneous section is the continuance of the activity in the Argentine Land group, on the agricultural prosperity.

There was very little to notice in mining shares, which were mostly depressed, except in the Egyptian group.

£10 AND RADIUM.

Result of the Second Treasure Hunt.

"I got my *Daily Mirror*," said Mr. Hugh Taylor, Wednesday's anonymous winner, "at nine o'clock on Wednesday morning, and, being an enthusiastic treasure-hunter, I naturally turned to page 6 first. Having mastered the conditions, I set to work to pick out the letters, and, after satisfying myself by several examinations that I had missed none, I was confronted by a very unpromising jumble of twenty letters.

"The 'z,' however, gave me my first clue. I ran through all the names I could think of which included a 'z,' and found that the jumble before me contained all the letters of 'Ebenazer.' That was one name, but 'Phineas' gave me more trouble. I think it was the chance combination of 'Ph' which put me on the track of the name at last.

"I had now only five letters left, but, strangely enough, these gave me more trouble than either of the other names. 'Greed' seemed such an unlikely surname, but the only other combination—'Edger'—seemed more unlikely still. Eventually I decided that 'Greed' was the name, and sent off my wire. Immediately it had gone past recall I remembered that in the hurry I had forgotten to include my name, and, thinking that this would, right or wrong, put me out of court altogether, I bewailed a wasted sixpence.

"By the fairness of the Editor, however, that sixpence has returned me very good interest indeed, and I proffer him my best thanks for the Radium and the gold."

Appended is Mr. Taylor's receipt:—
Received from the representative of the "*Daily Mirror*" the sum of £10 and a tube of Radium.

(Signed) HUGH H. TAYLOR.
December 10, 1903.

SOLIDIFIED MILK.

How the Dairy and its Attendant Dangers may be Abolished.

Milk that has been watered, milk that contains microbes, milk that has lost every trace of any cream it may originally have contained—such milk is to be a thing of the past.

A process of solidifying milk has been invented which it is affirmed will, besides banishing all the dangers associated with the dairy, in the course of time do away with the dairy itself. The "Just-Hatmaker" is the title of the process.

By this method the liquid milk is whisked round burnished cylinders kept at a fierce temperature by steam until, after a few seconds, it comes off in the form of a continuous creamy-white sheet. This is then reduced to powder, and may be compressed into cakes.

But in spite of this severe treatment the product still remains purely milk, and the addition of seven parts of water is all that is requisite to restore it to the form of new milk. Cream rises upon it naturally, and butter and cheese can be readily manufactured.

Most important of all, no microbes, however virulent, have survived the great heat of the evaporating cylinders.

STAGE PLAYS AT MUSIC HALLS.

The crusade by the Theatrical Managers' Association against stage plays in music halls is being extended, for, following the prosecution of the Palace Theatre of Varieties at Marlborough-street, the Greenwich magistrate yesterday granted summonses against Moss' Empires, Ltd., and Mr. Oswald Stoll, the proprietors and licensee of the New Cross Empire.

FLORA REFOATED.

A telegram received last night from Victoria, British Columbia, stated that H.M.S. Flora, which had been on the rocks for some days, was successfully floated yesterday morning. She will be towed into dock at Esquimalt immediately.

"BOX AND COX."

Strange Proceedings in an Opera Singer's House.

"Box and Cox" was used as an illustration by counsel yesterday in the divorce suit Mr. David Bispham, the well-known operatic baritone, is bringing against his wife. The comparison was justified by one incident, but the whole case was by no means suggestive of comedy. It was a very sad story.

Mr. Bispham was married in America in 1885 to a daughter of General Harrison, one of the leaders in the American Civil War. While he was living in London and Gloucestershire he made the acquaintance of Major Studdart, who lent him £600. Major Studdart became a frequent visitor, and Mrs. Bispham contracted another friendship with Mr. Robert Newton Shaw, whom she met at a banquet given by the American Ambassador.

It was owing to the simultaneous attentions of these gentlemen, who are both co-respondents, that the "Box and Cox" parallel was suggested. If the Major called when Shaw was already at the house he would be shown into another room. Both in turns occupied Mr. Bisphams room when he happened to be away from home.

Mrs. Bispham was extremely extravagant, and had borrowed £1,000 from Mr. Shaw, the receipt for which appeared in one of her love letters. It ran:—

Why this illness? Surely the gods have been sufficiently kind to us lately without giving additional adversity. Oh, my Bobby, why can't I go at once to to-night's boat to you? I begin to be most awfully desperate, and cannot help feeling that this power of destiny has to do with me somehow. Could you not manage, my own, to forget me or remember me only as a business friend who owes you four and a half per cent. on £1,000 every year? Everything is so awful. I feel as if death is the only thing left. Oh, Bobby, what is it worth to you if you are separated from me all this time?—Your devoted
Kitty.

It was stated that Mrs. Bispham had left the country with her children, and was not defending the case, which was adjourned.

SQUIRRELS FOR THE PARKS.

Charming Creatures Who Would Thrive in London.

Among the newer delights of our London parks and open spaces are the aviaries, tiny tree-arks, and other fancies in a Zoological way, which the L.C.C. are making efforts to establish.

Now we are asked by Mr. Dudley S. Corbett in the "Times" why the little grey American squirrel is not also domiciled in London.

"I have fed these jolly little chaps in Central Park, New York," writes a correspondent of the *Daily Mirror*, "and shared the pleasure which sight of them gives to all visitors. As they stand the variations of climate so well in New York, from extreme heat to twenty degrees below freezing point, there is probably no reason why they should not thrive in the English metropolis."

Though naturally shy, they are not more timid than the fat wood pigeon who has made himself at home in London.

Cats might prove dangerous for a time, but the nimble squirrel would soon learn to defeat even the wild park-bred London cat, who robs the nurseries of the wild-fowl in St. James's Park; and is the despair of maternal pea-hens at Battersea.

WARDEN'S BEQUEST TO HIS COLLEGE.

Mr. St. John Brodrick is one of the executors of the will of his uncle, Mr. George Charles Brodrick, late Warden of Merton College, Oxford, who has left estate of the gross value of £141,000.

Mr. Brodrick bequeaths to the Warden and Fellows of Merton £4,000, his oil painting of Bishop Bickley, and all his pictures and engravings of the college, "in memory of his long and happy connection therewith."

THE "CUPID" LINER.

The passengers on the White Star liner Oceanic, which reached New York yesterday, think the vessel ought to be re-christened "Cupid," our correspondent states, on account of the fact that four couples became engaged on the voyage.

SHORT HOME NEWS.

LARGEST AMERICAN MAIL.

The largest mail ever despatched from the United Kingdom to the United States, consisting of 2,796 sacks, left Queenstown yesterday by the White Star liner Teutonic.

LIBERAL WHIP'S FORECAST.

Mr. Herbert Gladstone, Chief Whip of the Liberal Party, declared at Blyth last night that a general election could not be delayed after next June, otherwise Mr. Chamberlain's campaign would disorganise the business of the country.

BENEFACTOR TO TRAVELLERS.

To Mr. Wm. Oswin, of Leeds, who is retiring from his position as manager of the Great Northern Railway Co., travellers owe a debt of gratitude, for he, in conjunction with his father, acted as pioneer in introducing dining-cars for third class passengers, and was responsible for the greatly improved cuisine.

HEAD OF A COLLEGE FOR FIFTY YEARS.

Rarely in its history as a University has Cambridge had the opportunity of congratulating one of its members on the completion of fifty years in the capacity of head of a college. But yesterday Lord Braybrooke's jubilee as master of Magdalene was celebrated with all due ceremony, the master responding to the Vice-Chancellor's address in a graceful Latin speech.

TELEGRAM TO THE KING DELAYED.

Owing to an extraordinary error, the telegram sent to King Edward from Paris on the occasion of the banquet to the British Parliamentarians, though despatched on November 28, only reached the King on Wednesday. His Majesty has now thanked the International Arbitration Group for their good wishes, and expressed regret that the delay in the transmission of the message has prevented him from replying sooner.

ON OPPOSITE SIDES NOW.

Alderman Sir William Treloar, having been assured by Mr. Chamberlain that the fiscal question is a national and imperial issue, and not a matter of party politics, the Court of Common Council, meeting at the Guildhall, yesterday granted two petitions, permitting the use of that building for the delivery of addresses on fiscal reform by the Duke of Devonshire and Mr. Chamberlain respectively. The Lord Mayor will probably preside at each.

A MUSICAL GHOST'S WORK.

A ghost is not always an intangible something intended for haunting purposes. Yesterday a "musical" ghost brought an action against the Corporation in the City of London Court for injuries sustained by falling into a hydrant hole near London Bridge.

A "musical ghost's" business in life was explained by counsel, who said this interesting phenomenon is a person who writes music which other composers pay for and then treat as their own work.

A MAN WITHOUT ENEMIES.

The death of Lord Stanley of Alderley, which occurred after a long illness at Alderley Park yesterday morning, removes a very prominent Churchman from the House of Lords. A champion of denominational schools, he was a man without enemies, possessing unflinching good temper, which made him popular with all parties in the House.

Mr. Lyulph Stanley, his brother, succeeds to the peerage, and among other people put into mourning by his death are Monsignor Stanley, the Dowager Lady Airlie, Lady Carlisle, and Lady Jeune.

MR. SPENCER'S FUNERAL.

It is now definitely fixed that the body of Mr. Herbert Spencer will be cremated at 12.30 p.m. on Monday at the Golden Green Crematorium, Finchley-road, Hendon.

Mr. Spencer desired that at his funeral no one should wear mourning.

It was his wish that his great friend, Mr. John Morley, should be present at the cremation and say the last few words. Mr. Morley is in Sicily at the present time, and it is doubtful if he will be able to return in time.

RACING.

The weather conditions at Folkestone yesterday were about as miserable as could well be imagined, but the attendance was above the average, and some fairly interesting sport was witnessed. Results:—

Race.	Winner.	Mason	Price.
Food Sall. Ht. (10) Gift of Soag.	Ellis	5 to 1	
Dover Hurdle (10) Soud	Ellis	6 to 2	
Three-year-Old H. (10) Pricus	Matthews	6 to 4	
Maidens St. (9) Servus	Mr. Bulteel	7 to 1	
Deal Chase (7). Blue Crescent	Morris	6 to 1	
Sturpool Chase (5) S. John's H.	Mr. Phillips	4 to 1	

(The figures in parentheses indicate the number of starters.)

An improvement should be seen in the quality of the racing to-day at Sandown, as some valuable stakes have to be contended for. In the Grand Annual Hurdle Race Lily Bird and Cockshot Post look well, the Priory Steeplechase may go to Buckthunder, and Doncherry should win the Milbourn Hurdle Race; Lawyer III. or Dermot Ashore may account for the Ewell Steeplechase.

Some capital prices were realised at Newmarket Bloodstock Sales yesterday. Soaraway, who was mentioned in connection with the Duke of York Stakes and the Cambridge Stakes, was sold to Mr. P. Clifton for 1,500 guineas. Mr. Rose's mares all sold well. Petria, by Bona Vista, went to M. Hallowell for 1,500 guineas. Mr. Weatherby took Cartegor for 800 guineas, and Cyn for 1,000 guineas. To Cyllene, went to Mr. Musker for 800 guineas. The top price of the week for a brood mare was, however, given by Count Saxe, who gave 3,200 guineas for Syria, by St. Simon. The useful two-year-old Orietta was bought by Mr. W. Waugh for 2,000 guineas, and Osobok went to the same bidder for 1,600 guineas.

To-Day's Arrangements.

General.

The Duchess of Albany unveils the Surrey memorial to Queen Victoria, County Hall, Kingston-on-Thames, 2.30.

Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, opens the Christmas Sale of the Ladies' Work Society, 31, Sloane Street, at 12.30.

Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, opens a Sale of Work in aid of Mission in St. James, Norland, 2.

Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein holds a Meeting at Schomberg House, in aid of the League of Mercy, 3.

Field-Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood unveils War Memorial to Essex Regiment, Walter Garrison Chapel, 2.

Unveiling of Memorial to Sir Walter Besant by Lord Monkswell, St. Paul's Cathedral, 3.

Lord Rosebery presents prizes to the Midlothian Volunteers.

Theatres.

Adelphi, "The Earl and the Girl," 8.

Apollo, "The Girl from Kays," 8.

Criterion, "Billy's Little Love Affair," 9.

Daly's, "A Country Girl," 8.

Duke of York's, "Lety," 8.

Gaiety, "The Orchard," 8.

Garrick, "The Cricket on the Hearth," 8.15.

Haymarket, "Cousin Kate," 9.

His Majesty's, "King Richard II.," 8.15.

Imperial, "Monsieur Descaunes," 8.30.

Lyric, "The Duchess of Dantzig," 8.

New Theatre, "Mrs. Goring's Necklace," 8.55.

Prince of Wales's, "The School Girl," 8.

"Queen's (Small Hall), "The Follies," 8.15 and 8.30.

Royalty, "College Crampton," 8.15.

Shaftesbury, "In Dahomey," 8.15.

St. James's, "The Professor's Love Story," 8.30.

Strand, "A Chinese Honeymoon," 8.

Terry's, "My Lady Molly," 8.15.

Wyndham's, "Little Mary," 9.

Alhambra, "Carmen," doors open 7.45.

Empire, "Vineland," doors open 7.45.

"Hippodrome," "Consul," and Varieties, 2 and 8.

Palace, New Bioscope Pictures, 8.

* Matinées are on the day of performance indicated by an asterisk.

"DOMESTIC SLAVERY."

A MAN'S VIEW OF THE DIFFICULT SERVANT PROBLEM.

HOW IT MIGHT BE SOLVED.

We have received the following communication from a correspondent. With his opinions we do not identify ourselves. At the same time the query he propounds at the end is one which some of our lady readers may like to answer.—Editor "Daily Mirror."

"Well," said the Lady of the House, as she read her *Daily Mirror* yesterday morning, "I never saw anything so ridiculous!"

"What's the matter?" said the Man.

"Just look at this picture of the *Daily Mirror's* Employment Bureau!"

The Man scanned it. He saw several well-dressed women sitting at tables or walking sedately into a room, and several neatly-dressed young women, also seated at tables, apparently engaged in conversation with the well-dressed women.

"I fail to see anything ridiculous in this," observed the Man meekly. "It seems a very nicely-drawn and proper sort of picture."

The Lady gasped.

"Why, don't you see? the artist has made the servants sitting, actually sitting down. Do you think I ever engaged a servant, or would dream of engaging a servant, who sat down whilst I was talking to her? My dear Man, the thing is impossible, ridiculous; a servant would have no respect for me at all if I allowed her to sit down whilst I was talking to her."

Being a mere Man and averse to the disputations of the Breakfast Table, which have usually so deleterious an effect upon the bacon and coffee, I made no further reply, but left the Lady to assuage her wrath in the delight of finding E's and A's in the advertising columns of your entertaining little paper.

But, dear Sir or Madam, as the advertising letters have it, I could have said many things, and I venture to say some of them now.

"Beings of an Inferior Race."

I, too, think it is "ridiculous." But what seems to me deserving of ridicule is to raise any such quibble as the Lady would raise about the attitude of a servant before she enters your service. It is symptomatic of the whole attitude of mistresses towards servants—the attitude which treats servants as beings of an inferior race.

I do not say, if I were entrusted with the delicate task of engaging a servant, that I should look with favour upon one who entered, like the schoolboy's Caesar, "on his head," but surely it is most natural that while you are discussing the terms of your contract both of you should sit.

After all, the servant is a human being like yourself, your equal before God, and in the eyes of the law, and under no obligation to you before the contract is entered into. If she chooses to stand in a respectful attitude because she thinks she is thereby more likely to gain your favour, let her do it. That is her affair.

If, on the other hand, she invites you to sit, as the *Daily Mirror* tells me Carlyle invited Queen Victoria, she is equally within her rights, as he was.

I don't know what the internal arrangements of the Bureau are like, but if you have provided little tables, such as I see in the picture, with a chair on either side, then I think it is plain that the servant should take advantage of the opportunity and sit down.

The Idea of Servitude.

What would the Lady, whom I recognise as typical of many of her sex, have the servant do? As servants are, I believe, much in demand—they certainly are in my house—the servant might perhaps be asked to stand on the table, while her merits are extolled by the manager of your Bureau, and her worth appraised by the bids of your readers!

It is this petty desire to impress upon the person who cooks your dinner or sweeps out your room the idea of servitude that is at the bottom of the servant problem.

Women are to blame. They have emancipated the servant without emancipating themselves. Who is this person who comes into your house to do certain necessary work? She has been educated in a Board school, taught to read, write, and speak correctly; which is, after all, as much as you, Madam, ever learned to do at your three hundred guinea a year Establishment for Young Ladies. And then you expect her to consider herself, as you still consider her—a domestic slave, a yoke chattel!

It is the employment, you see, who is still bound, tied with the cords of old conventional ideas about domestic service. If some women had no fear of the law in their eyes they would correct their servants as the women of ancient Rome and more modern Constantinople would do, with a silver whip and a leathern thong.

A Worn-out Notion.

As it is, the Police Court, and the County Court, and other disagreeable reminders of our altered civilisation intervene, and the only thing left to the irate mistress of a careless or unlucky servant is continual scolding, or instant dismissal with a month's wages.

"Where's the boy?" asks the Man. "Gone," replies the Lady of the House. "A servant who does not know where to put the fire-irons is no good to me."

You see how the whole economy of the

house is upset by this stupid adherence to a worn-out idea.

Servants are no longer domestic chattels to be bought, sold, transferred. They no longer consider themselves as such, and so they go to the factory, or the shop, or any place which promises a position of "greater freedom and less responsibility."

Women who employ people to assist them in housekeeping will some day grow to realise this change. At present not one in a hundred realises that any change has taken place. So they complain of the servant difficulty, which is a thing entirely of their own making, and blame the Board Schools, and the Factories, and the Shops, and other modern institutions, instead of blaming themselves. The future relation between mistress and maid will have to be based on the ordinary modern relationship between employer and employee. No man in business expects to

get the services of living automata, blameless, perfect, always doing their work with the same degree of absolute machine-like accuracy.

He makes allowances for human defects, which a woman, with the chattel notion in her head, does not. He may find fault with or dismiss his employee, but he treats him as a man like unto himself. He recognises that the employee carries a marshal's baton in his knapsack, that he has very likely been as well educated as himself, and in a modern state stands a chance of being on top some day.

When the woman of to-day revises her ideas, and sweeps her musty notions out of her head, the servant problem will begin to disappear, and she will again be assisted in her household duties as willingly and faithfully as ever in the past.

How many women are there in London who realise this? THE MAN IN THE HOUSE. Throgmorton-street, E.C.

GREAT HIDDEN TREASURE STORY.

NO WINNER YESTERDAY! WHO WILL WIN TO-DAY?

We regret to say that up to the time of going to press no one succeeded in discovering the address hidden in these columns yesterday. Several treasure seekers succeeded in deciphering the amount of the gold—£13 17s. 9d. Providing, therefore, that no correct solution is received by the first post this (Friday) morning, the said sum, plus an additional £s. and, of course, the precious tube of Radium, will be awarded to the successful seeker in to-day's treasure hunt.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Mr. GOLDEN PHIPPS ... A. Bored millionaire.
Lord EGBERT MOUNTJOY...His secretary: with ideas.

WANTED, THE ADDRESS!

It is an axiom of life that a good thing is worth repeating.

One means this in a double and also in an apologetic sense. The chronicler of these notes has already stated here three days ago only that Mr. Golden Phipps was a person who was bored with everything in life, and each succeeding day brought the famous millionaire not one scrap of relief.

Mr. Phipps' rays of sunshine were as few and far between as the rays of Radium. The great millionaire was unhappy, though one of the wealthiest men in the world. He was the one living example proving the falseness of that popular belief that "money makes the mare go," and that "money can buy anything."

Ah, no! Money was not the remedy for a bored person of Mr. Golden Phipps's character.

Less than a week ago the well-known millionaire stood at the bar of life to receive the sentence of his judges—the public—and that sentence was that Mr. Golden Phipps, whose great wealth stood in seven plump figures, was a hopeless incurable; that he would die as he was living, a dreadfully tired person.

Time works wonders! Only four mornings ago the millionaire found it a bore to get up and dress for breakfast: it was a bore to read his correspondence; in short, Mr. Golden Phipps was spending, as it were, the whole of his existence in a darkened room.

It was Lord Egbert Mountjoy that opened his eyes, that youthful nobleman who was paid so much a month to try to cheer his munificent master. Trying to cheer up a doleful person, who is too bored even to think for himself, is as difficult as the task which Hercules set Ulysses to do—to break the jaw of the Nemean lion.

Needs Must When—

Now Lord Egbert was a born lord, and following up the traditions of his noble race it had been, once upon a time, sufficient for him to live without thinking or worrying himself about ideas, much less doing any work of the character of that which was forced upon the virile Ulysses.

But that was yesterday; the Fates had frowned on him, and he was now perforce obliged to view the past with a microscopic eye, and to fancy that the life he had led yesterday was but a dream.

The change in his circumstances had sharpened his faculties, and he had accumulated a wealth of common sense. He was not put new life into his wealthy employer. Radium—why not Radium! It was then the bright idea, which is now being discussed everywhere, struck him.

Radium! Give it away for nothing, and pay a crisp Bank of England note, of varying denominations, daily to the person who succeeds in finding it in a simple hiding place!

Contentment for Cash.

The foregoing remarks embody the meaning at the head of this column—a good thing is worth repeating. The diversissement appeared to the tired millionaire, and the excitement of the last three days has in the fullest sense completely removed all traces of the bored man. Mr. Golden Phipps was now a magnificent specimen of what a happy man should be.

The millionaire and Lord Egbert were pacing one of the corridors of the Hotel Splendid, London, before going into the dining-hall. The hitherto starved heart of that man of money was expanded with gaiety, his eyes danced with delight, and his whole self, it was clear, had undergone a metamorphosis for the better.

Mr. Golden Phipps, running his arm through Lord Egbert's, said, "Since I became a wealthy man, my dear young friend, and would the goddess who makes the shekels, my life has been steeped in acids. My money has never sustained me—till now,

Mountjoy, when the working of your scheme has unloosed the bands that tied me to lassitude and struck off the fetters which girdled my hands and feet.

"I feel now so light-hearted, Mountjoy, that I could meet a reverse or misfortune and smile. What are a few tubes of Radium, rich though they be, compared with that?"

"There's power in money, after all, Mr. Phipps," said Lord Egbert, knocking off the ashes of his cigarette.

"Emphatically that is so, and one day you may, perhaps, hit on a plan to make some for yourself. But never be a fool with your money."

At this suggestion Lord Egbert beamed. "Do you mean with Radium?" said he, quietly.

"I repeat, Mountjoy, it is the greatest scheme I've ever been in. But keep my name out of it. I am more than repaid to know that in my giving away expensive tubes of Radium and crisp bank notes I am meeting a good cause. Now, what is the next experiment, Mountjoy? You're managing everything splendidly."

What Next?

"The next experiment is still the clue of the hidden address, Mr. Phipps. No one succeeded in deciphering this experiment, so we are a tube of Radium and the hidden gold the richer."

"I see—rather difficult, wasn't it?" said the millionaire, frowning.

"No, not very. True, we have puzzled them for one day, but let us give them another chance. We will once more hide the address you gave to me last night, and in common fairness I think you ought to at least add another fiver. It is a mere puff of wind to you, while to someone else it may prove a most welcome Christmas-box."

"So be it," replied Mr. Phipps. "Scatter my gold as you will, but remember that my friend, whose address I handed to you yesterday, lives on the Continent, not in America, as so many of the treasure seekers seem to suppose."

"You are a wonderful man, Mr. Phipps, even for a millionaire, and I only hope that this treasure-hunting scheme may not leave you looking for work again!"

"I shouldn't mind that so much," answered the millionaire. "It seems to me far harder to hide gold where enthusiastic folk cannot find it. However, we will not be too hard on them to-morrow. If you fail I may be able to devise an easier plan."

HOW TO SECURE TO-DAY'S PRIZES.

While we are not permitted to divulge the actual identity of the philanthropic individual described in the above columns, we may state that he has selected the *Daily Mirror* as the medium through which to distribute some of his superfluous wealth. Scattered throughout the columns of the *Daily Mirror* for this date will be found a number of letters and figures—These will be found in paragraphs, news, and advertisements.

When discovered and placed together the same form a given address.

The question for treasure hunters is, therefore, "What was the address?" The reader who first communicates this information to us by post or telegram will receive a tube of Radium and the sum of £18 17s. 9d. Entries must be addressed, "NAME," *Daily Mirror*, 2, Carmelite-street, E.C., and they may not be left by hand. In the case of telegrams, the time at which the message was handed in will be considered as the time of its receipt.

Entries can only be received on the distinct understanding that the Editor's decision will in all cases be accepted as final. Of course, no one connected in any way with the *Daily Mirror* will be allowed to compete. Entries by letter will be disqualified, and entries once dispatched cannot be subsequently corrected. Queries cannot be answered by us either by post or telegraph. After this week telegrams will be debarré.

More Hidden Treasure To-morrow.

A FRIEND OF GEORGE ELIOT.

"UGLINESS" WHICH IS MORE INSPIRING THAN BEAUTY.

AMONG the many remarkable memoirs and biographies published this winter, time should certainly be found to read the slight volume of reminiscences just brought out by that veteran journalist and novelist, Miss Betham-Edwards.

This lady, who now lives a quiet but very busy life at Hastings, has known many of the great literary lights of the Victorian era. The best chapter in her book is that which gives an unconventional and vivid pen-portrait of George Eliot.

The first time Miss Betham-Edwards saw George Eliot was thirty-five years ago, in the early summer of 1868. She was fortunate in her introduction, for she was taken to the old-world house in St. John's Wood by Mme. Bodichon, the great novelist's most intimate early friend.

This is Miss Betham-Edwards's description of George Eliot as she appeared when she was fifty years of age:—

"She looked years older, and wore, as she always did, a plain black silk dress, having a white shawl about her shoulders and light gloves in her hand, being, indeed, dressed for the Opera. Some people have talked and written of the ugliness of this great woman; this sort of criticism recalls the famous scene in 'Middlemarch.'"

"Mr. Casaubon has a wart on his nose," said pert little Celia to her sister. "I dare say he has," was Dorothea's dignified rebuke, "when certain people look at him." And thus George Eliot in some eyes was ugly because, forsooth, she lacked dimpled cheeks, round eyes, and a pretty mouth! If hers was ugliness, would we had more of it in the world!

When, in speaking, her large, usually solemn features lighted up, a positive light would flash from them, a luminosity irradiate, not her own person only, but her surroundings. A sovereign nature, an august intellect, had transpired us into its own atmosphere."

"The Test of Sincerity."

Miss Betham-Edwards's account of George Henry Lewes shows that he was a man endowed with extraordinary vitality and high spirits.

"Despite his 'metempsychoses,' a philosophical turn of his own invention, in spite of poor health, Lewes remained frolicsome to the last."

One evening when Miss Betham-Edwards and Madame Bodichon were awaiting dinner, the door was flung open with the announcement: "Captain and Mrs. Harrison." "Good heavens!" whispered Madame Bodichon, aghast, "some self-invited relations from the Antipodes, and George Eliot and George Lewes coming!"

A well-known laugh in the doorway reassured her; it was one of Lewes's little jokes! On one occasion Miss Betham-Edwards discussed with George Eliot that question, always of absorbing interest to literary folk, as to what constitutes literary excellence and fame. "There is the money test," George Eliot said, and paused, as she often did before continuing a train of thought. Then, in her slow, deliberate, conscientious way, and speaking from another point of view, that of literary excellence, rather than that of public acknowledgment, "Then there is the test of sincerity."

TYPES.

THE FOG-WOMAN.

I met her first at a railway station: she had lost her luggage, and stood staring vaguely at other women's bonnet boxes.

She is steamy, relaxing, enveloping, and very catching. As I stood beside her, my own brain, growing misty, wheezed and coughed, and tried to clear its throat. Half-unconsciously I felt in my pockets for what was not there, while she searched hers—apparently for her travelling trunks!

The fog-woman is generally double-chinned. Have you met her? She rolls about the streets, wearing odds and ends that stream and flap. She takes the wrong turning, haunts the wrong omnibus, and says the wrong thing. "She forgets dates, figures, and engagements." "I don't know, I'm sure," is her pet ejaculation, and she ends her sentences with "and—er—er—!"

The fog-woman has a short-sighted mind; she peers about the world, and pauses, tea-cup in hand, to mystify her hearers with remarks which confuse the muffin with immortality.

In her company we lose all sense of outline, and miss the sign-posts of life. She is a walking wet-blanket, responsible for many social chills and collisions. In her dank and stifling atmosphere mental lungs are impeded, our mental hair gets out of curl, and a mean bewilderment clogs the springs of action; with her we lose our way.

Beware the fog-woman; for while she appears to be engaged in a futile search for her own hands, she befools earth and masks Heaven. How do I know so much about the fog-woman? Have you not guessed? I am one myself.

PRINCESS CHRISTIAN AT SOUTH KENSINGTON.

The presentation of certificates and diplomas was the object of Princess Christian's visit to the Royal School of Art Needlework yesterday morning, but this ceremony over, she stayed for some time longer admiring the exquisite needlework, antique furniture, and objects d'art which are on sale there. Beaming with smiles and full of graciousness, the Princess, who wore a sable cape, but did not as usual carry the sable muff which was the property of the late Queen, had a word for everybody. Most of the members of Council were there, among them the Duchess of Bedford, Sybil Lady Queensberry, Lady Amherst of Hackney, Edith Lady Playfair, Lady Agneta Montagu, Mrs. Bonyngne, and Lady William Cecil, who starts for Egypt to-day with Princess Henry of Battenberg. At the "At Home" in the afternoon there were, too, a great many people buying Christmas presents, including Lady Margaret Spicer, wearing lovely sables; Lady Kathleen Gausson, with a daughter; Lady Browne, also with a daughter, and Mrs. Ewart and Miss Bulkeley. Lady Bancroft and Mrs. Troughton were the hostesses, and the pouring wet afternoon did not deter people from being present.

The Union Jack Club concert at Queen's Hall last night owed much of its success to Miss Alys Bateman, but the most interesting figure there was that of Miss McCaul. It was in the busy brain of this clever, prac-

hunt regularly in the Shires, but of late years has lost her nerve and seldom rides to hounds.

There certainly may be, to quote my Melton correspondent, "a great charm in danger," but the numerous accidents in the hunting field of late go to prove that this "charm" may be carried too far. Lord Enniskillen, Lord Helmsley, and Mr. Vierville de Cresigny are all suffering from over zeal on their part or that of their hunter, while the latest victim is the Duke of Westminster, who broke his collar-bone when out hunting on Wednesday. It is indeed unfortunate that he should so soon be "hors de combat," as he only returned home last Saturday from his South African trip.

Lord Strathcona, who presided last night at the banquet given by the London Chamber of Commerce at the Trocadero, is a shrewd, hard-headed man where business is concerned; yet he has an almost sentimental regard for Norway House, one of his Canadian places, which is associated with his early life, when he was carving out his successful career. It is an unpretentious stone house, with no modern luxuries, and, save for the fine view of Picotou Harbour, would be very uninteresting; but whenever Lord Strathcona visits Nova Scotia he travels there by special train, and spends a few hours in the deserted rooms, going round the adjacent farm before returning to more civilised regions.

Lord and Lady Strathcona's entertainments here are always very well done, and when they give a garden party at their place in Herts special trains bring guests to and from town, carriages being also provided to take them on to Knockin House. The former's name will, of course, go down to posterity in connection with "Strathcona's Horse," the Canadian regiment which he raised and sent out at his own cost to South Africa.

A distinguished gathering assembled last night at a large ball given at the ancestral hall of Wynnstay, the home from time immemorial of the Wynns, to celebrate the debut of Colonel Watkin Williams-Wynn's beautiful daughter. Sir Watkin is one of the largest landowners in the Principality, and is known as the Prince in Wales. The guests, over 600 in number, included Sir Charles Lowther and Miss Lowther, Lord and Lady Mostyn, Lord Cole, Lady Penrhyn, and the Misses Douglas-Pennant.

Miss Ellis Jeffreys, charming in grey, with a heliotrope hat, opened the exhibition of the Stage Needlework Guild yesterday. Over 3,000 garments, from woolly socks for theatrical babes, to stout cardigan jackets for shivering scene-shifters, were set out in the rooms lent by Lady Armstrong at 93, Eaton-square. Instances of the good work done by the guild were given. One of the most recent cases relieved was that of a star of the past—Miss Lovegrove, aged ninety-six, who was found living patiently and cheerfully in one room at Handley on 10s. 6d. a week. She has been given a weekly contribution of 5s. from Mr. Wilson Barrett, and a hamper of "comfy's" from Sir Henry Irving.

Mr. Edward Sassoon, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Sassoon, had what might have been a very serious accident on the night of the dance given last week by Mrs. Gubbay and Mrs. Raphael, who are the daughters of

Mr. Reuben Sassoon, in Grosvenor-gardens. Going to look for his partner, he saw her sitting on the balcony, and thinking the window was open, tried to get out, but fell, breaking the glass and cutting himself somewhat severely. He was at once taken to a hospital, where the wounds were sewn up, and he is now very much better.

Lady Wiltshire has gone to Brighton to recuperate after her illness. There are more satisfactory accounts, too, of Miss Molly Portal, who is now really beginning to pull round, but will not be well enough to be married for some weeks to come.

Although Lady Ileene Campbell has quite recovered the slight concussion caused by her motor accident, she is unable to hunt for the present, and is, by her doctor's orders, keeping very quiet for another week or so. The Duke of Newcastle and Mr. Campbell are not now feeling any bad effects from their severe shaking.

A small, though very pretty, bazaar was held yesterday at 33, Cavendish-square, in aid of the Archbishop Temple Memorial Home for male inebriates. The dolls especially were worthy of notice, and rows of placidly-smiling waxen ladies decorated Mrs. Eardley Wilmo's stall. A good example of a fiscal loaf fell the place of honour amongst small basket chairs and boxes of soap at Miss Thomas's stall, where brisk business was done. The Rev. Eardley Wilmo, speaking of the memorial home to be erected to Archbishop Temple's memory, spoke hopefully of rescue work amongst inebriates, but said that ten per cent. more men conquered the vice than women, who were more secret in their methods, and therefore more difficult to cure.

"Early chamber music" may not sound very attractive to the ordinary musical amateur. Yet it was an altogether charming concert which was devoted to it yesterday at the Brinsmead Galleries by Miss Grace Sunderland and Mr. Frank Thistleton.

No composer was represented who was born later than the early seventeenth century. Sonatas for strings (with and without piano) were given, by Corelli, Tartini, Somis, and our own Purcell, also a concerto for two violins, viola, double bass, and piano, by Dall' Abaco (who died in 1725); this last, in a beautiful and majestic minor, was exquisitely given. Miss Sunderland showed herself a really artistic player, at any rate in concerted chamber music of this sort, where the piano should never be, but almost invariably is, obtrusive. Mr. Thistleton, in spite of a certain unevenness of tone, sustained the first violinist's parts admirably, and praise must be given to Mr. Claude Hobday's broad and excellent renderings of the double-bass parts. Most attractive feature of all, the performers are evident enthusiasts, and as such merit the honest gratitude of all who are lovers of, or at least are interested to hear, the music of two centuries ago, when the art of the sonata was as yet in bud, and had not flowered with Beethoven.

The chancel at St. Peter's, Cranley-gardens, was almost hidden behind masses of tall white lilies and a background of palms at the wedding yesterday of Mr. Norman Deakin, of Davenham House, Cheshire, and Miss Kate Eardley-Wilmo, daughter of Rear-Admiral Eardley-Wilmo. The bride wore a graceful white satin and chiffon dress, with a wreath of real orange blossoms on her dark hair. She was followed by four bridesmaids prettily dressed in soft white dresses and big white hats. Each one carried a bouquet of lilies, and wore the pendants given them by the bridegroom. The church was very full, and during the signing of the register tiny

bouquets of tuberose were distributed to the guests.

Two of our younger dramatists, Mr. Hubert Henry Davies and Mrs. Beatrice Heron-Maxwell, owe the staging of their first effort to Mlle. Pilar Morin, the young Spanish artist who has been delighting Tivoli audiences with her Japanese plays. Mr. Davies' first venture, a duologue produced in America, achieved a great success in the hands of Mlle. Morin, which we trust will be repeated when the same actress reappears at the Tivoli a few days before Christmas in Mrs. Heron-Max-



Photo by Mlle. PILAR MORIN. (Ufana.)

well's initial flight, "The Moon Curse," as a young French girl betrothed to an Englishman.

Mlle. Morin, who won golden opinions for her performance in the Tivoli Japanese playlet, is the daughter of a French Marquis, whose ancestors settled in Spain as long ago as the days of Louis XI. Her mother is Spanish. At Paris she passed through the Conservatoire with great éclat, and in spite of her youth has already toured South Africa and conquered the United States. A brilliant linguist, she has now added the English language to her original repertoire of French, Italian, and Spanish. Mlle. Morin is still but a girl. Her beauty and talent leave no doubt that a brilliant future is before her.

Clubland is particularly full of its country members, who are up in town for the Cattle Show, as well as for the purpose of buying Christmas presents. The Ladies' Army and Navy Club is so crowded that numbers of its members are sleeping out in Cork-street and Burlington-street. Lady Coventry has been lunching there a great deal this week, and Mr. Cyril Maude has been a guest at the club. Sir Squire Bancroft accepting his daughter's invitation to the special "curry" luncheon on Sunday. Mrs. Peters and Miss Chappell Hodge are the two remaining competitors for the billiard handicap challenge cup to be concluded to-morrow, the latter player having won the semi-final on Wednesday against Mrs. Carmichael, the sister of M. Cambon, the French Ambassador.

Mrs. Clement Scott, who received such an enthusiastic reception at the Alhambra when she recited before a well-filled house, is no novice. She has distinguished herself as an actress on various occasions, and is well known as a clever writer. Her husband's devotion to her found pretty expression in the dedication to his "Pictures of the World," which runs: "To a faithful woman, who lost me one misty November morning in the desolation of London fog-land, but found me one glorious April afternoon in the joy of San Francisco's Golden Gate! To my wife."

There will be a fine array of talent, both amateur and professional at the Bechstein Hall concert on the 17th in aid of St. Margaret's and Philip's Settlement for the relief of the poor—chiefly the poor Irish—in Rotherhithe and Mile End. Countess Valda Gleichen, who has a charming voice, will sing, and Lord Shaftesbury, one of the best of amateur musicians, will also be on the programme, while Mrs. Percy Somers Cocks, Miss Agnes Zimmerman, the pianist, and Mme. Beatrice Langley, the violinist, will also appear. The list of patrons and patronesses is a long and influential one, including the names of Mr. George Wyndham and Lady Grosvenor, the Duke and Duchess of Portland, Adeline Duchess of Bedford, Lord and Lady Abingdon, and Lord and Lady Edmund Talbot. Lady Mary Howard is selling tickets, which may be obtained from her at Norfolk House, St. James's-square, as well as from Lacon and Ollier, in New Bond-street.



Photo by Miss McCaul. (Russell & Sons)

tical Irishwoman that the idea of a club for sailors and soldiers close to Waterloo station had its birth, and looking at the steadfast grey eyes and firmly moulded chin of Miss McCaul, one feels that here indeed is a woman who will carry it to a successful issue. Miss McCaul was one of a band of four devoted women who formed the sole nursing staff in Sir Redvers Buller's relief column from Colenso to Ladysmith. Indeed, she was the first woman to enter that town after the relief. She has strong views on the reform of Army nursing, about which she recently wrote an article in the *Nineteenth Century*. "I should like," she says, "to see nursing made a profession in itself. Law, medicine, art—these are all professions—while nursing is a mere hanger-on to the medical part of the art of healing. When nursing is raised to the dignity of a profession one of my dearest dreams will be fulfilled."

As you watch the beautiful face, stirred from its usual calm, you cannot wonder that this woman has power to turn her "dreams" into realities. She laughs—half apologetically at her little outburst. "You see, I am a nurse—so I feel these things keenly."

Lord Londonderry arrived at Londonderry House last night from Elveden, where he and Lady Londonderry have been staying since the King's arrival. His Majesty has for many years been on the most intimate terms with Lord Londonderry, and when Prince of Wales frequently called at Londonderry House without any intimation that he was coming, a mark of friendship only shown to a privileged few. On such occasions the royal visitor was shown into his host's sanctum, where he would spend an hour or so chatting and smoking. Lady Londonderry, whose brilliant conversational powers and consummate tact make her a delightful companion, is also on the friendliest terms with the King and Queen.

Lord Rossmore is another member of the Elveden House party with whom the King has much in common. He is a keen sportsman, devoted to racing, and in his younger days was a staunch Orangeman, often heading Orange processions in the north of Ireland; but since Lord Spencer (during his Vice-royalty) deprived him of his justicship of the Peace in connection with some political riots, Lord Rossmore has lived chiefly in England. Lady Rossmore, who is noted for her lovely complexion and beautiful dark eyes, used to



MABEL, COUNTESS RUSSELL, As she appeared in Court yesterday, with her mother, Lena, Lady Scott. Mr. Bargrave Deane is speaking on her behalf.

AMUSEMENTS.

HAYMARKET. COUSIN KATE.
 Preceded at 8.30 by SHADES OF NIGHT.
 MATINEE WEDNESDAYS AND SATURDAYS, at 2.30.

HIS MAJESTY'S MR. TREE.
 TO-NIGHT AND EVERY EVENING, at 8.15.
 (LAST WEEKS) KING RICHARD II. (LAST WEEKS)
 MATINEE TO-MORROW AND EVERY SATURDAY,
 at 2.15.

SPECIAL MATINEES ON MONDAY, TUESDAY, AND
WEDNESDAY, Dec. 21, 22, and 23, at 2.15.
 Benefice (Mr. E. Turner) less to ten—HIS MAJESTY'S.

IMPERIAL THEATRE. MR. LEWIS WALLER.
 TO-NIGHT AND EVERY EVENING, at 8.30.
 MONSIEUR BEAUCAPTE.
 MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY,
 at 2.30.
 Box-office open 10 till 10. **IMPERIAL.**

SHAFESBURY. Lessee, Geo. Musgrove.
 WILLIAMS AND WALKER. IN DAHOMEY.
 MATINEES WED. and SAT. 1.15. NIGHTLY, 8.15.

MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER—AUTUMN
TOUR. THIS WEEK ALEXANDRIA THEATRE.
 STOKES NEWINGTON. The run of OLD HEIDELBERG
 will resume at ST. JAMES'S on MONDAY, Jan. 25.

MISS NELLIE GANTHONY (Musical
 Entertainer).—For Christmas parties, concerts, etc.
 Miss Gantony is remarkably clever, and has that gift so
 rare in women, geniality, but it is disciplined by
 modesty, good taste, and refinement.—"Daily Telegraph,"
 16, Edith-road, West Kensington.

PERSONAL.

SILVER AND JEWELS bought for cash.—Catchpole and
 Williams, 510, Oxford-street, London, W., are prepared to
 purchase second-hand plate, and to give a ready amount.
 Articles sent from the country receive immediate attention.

VARICOSE VEINS—Elastic stockings, 2s. 6d. Tight
 stockings. Lists free.—Elastic Hosiery Co., Derby.

LOST your keys? Lost your lover? Use "Hinde's
Cures"—both will recover.

SEEBER'S HAIR DYE.—"Twin sister to nature." Unde-
 tectable.

HINDE'S HAIR BINE. 6d. Essential new style coiffure.

LOST AND FOUND.

LOST.—On Friday evening, November 27, between Mount-
 street and St. James's-square, possibly in a cab, a small
 square diamond brooch, reward given—115, Mount-
 street.

LOST.—On Saturday, the 5th inst., between
 St. James's Hall and Park-crescent, a diamond and
 sapphire brooch. 45 reward will be paid by Messrs.
 Catchpole and Williams, 510, Oxford-street, if returned.

LOST.—On Saturday, the 5th inst., between
 Empress Road and Kensington, a small, round, black
 R.W. sabbie cap, lined grey brocade. Supposed left in
 four-wheeled cab.—Apply Hubbard, 5, Southwell-gardens,
 S.W.

LOST.—For silver cigarette case left in first-class
 carriage Metropolitan Railway last Sunday, about 9 a.m.,
 between Baker-street and South Kensington.—Apply
 Willing's, 122, Tottenham Court-road.

LOST. parcel of agates, November 11, in Regent, Air, or
 other-streets—5s. reward, if taken to 6, Baker-street.

LOST. Saturday, November 29, between Strand and Cannon-
 street Station, via S.E. Ry. diamond and red enamelled
 brooch (round).—Finder to return to Mr. Hall Porter,
 Cannon-street Hotel, will receive £2 reward.

TO ELECTORS.

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BIRTHS.

BARRY.—On the 6th inst., at Blisworth Rectory, the

first of the Rev. W. H. Barry, of a daughter, Miss

DAY.—On Nov. 13, at Battle, Sussex, wife of Rev. Spencer

Pay, M.A., of a daughter, Miss Day.

HEDLEY.—On the 7th inst., at "Hillside," Londwater,

Bucks, the wife of G. H. Hedley, of a daughter.

RIPLEY.—On Dec. 1, at Mill Lane, near Epsom, Surrey,

the wife of Richard Ripley, Junior, of a daughter.

WINSTON.—On Dec. 1, at 10, St. John's-street, Epsom,

the wife of William Winston, of a daughter.

WHEATLEY.—On Dec. 1, at 5, Park-place, Epsom, Kent,

the wife of Henry Wheatley, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

WEBSTER—GRAHAM.—On Nov. 24, at St. Luke's

Cathedral, Halifax, N.B., by the Rev. Canon Crawford,

assisted by the Rev. N. Le Moine, Lieutenant J. A.

Webster, R.N., and Canon Crawford, the Rev. Canon

Webster, Bradley Manor House, Newton Abbot, to Miss

Weatherhead, elder daughter of the Hon. Mr. Justice

Graham.

WOOD—DE ZOETE.—On Dec. 8, 1903, at the Parish

Church of St. Andrew, Epsom, by the Rev. Robert Wood,

of Farncombe, assisted by the Rev. Alfred Fox, of the

Rev. Gerard Wood, of Epsom, the Rev. Canon Wood, of

R. Wood, to Eleanor, third daughter of Walter De Zoete,

Esq., of Skreens, Roxwell, Essex.

DEATHS.

BEYNON.—On Dec. 6, at Mortimer West End, Hants,

the beloved wife of George William Beynon.

FIREBRACE.—On Dec. 6, at 10, St. John's-street, Epsom,

Dover, Robert Turner Firebrace, late of Victoria, Aus-

tralia, aged 75 years.

POWELL.—On Dec. 8, at Abbotsleigh, Farnborough, Hants,

Charles Powell, Esq., late of the Portland Office, London,

aged 80 years.

LAUGHLIN.—On Dec. 9, at Porthallow, Highgate,

William Laughlin, Esq., late of 10, St. John's-street, Epsom,

aged 87.

SHILLARD.—On Dec. 7, at Warwick House, Warwick,

park, Tunbridge Wells, Annie, widow of Austin Shillard,

late of the Whim, Selborne-road, Hove, Brighton.

WILLS.—On Saturday, the 6th inst., at his residence, Clare

Gate, Wyde-green, near Sutton Coldfield, in his 71st

year, Arthur Winkler Wills, J.P., younger brother of

Mr. Justice Wills.

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The
Daily Mirror.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1903.

TO-DAY'S REFLECTIONS.

The See-Saw of Progress.

OPTIMISM is a rare and choice plant,
 always to be cultivated, but liable to sudden
 and withering influences. When we find
 it blooming in the sombre garden of life
 we are fain to welcome it with joy, and trust
 that it will be tended with care. At this
 moment the plant has blossomed in an un-
 expected place, in the Midland Circuit, and
 its gardener is Mr. Justice BIGHAM. Where-
 ever this excellent Judge has gone he has
 found diminution of crime; and the circum-
 stance leads him to the happy reflection that
 things are much better than they ever were
 before.

We welcome this optimistic utterance.
 And yet, the doubt exists. Is this really
 so? Have we made the advance in the
 fifty years which Mr. Justice BIGHAM
 mentally passed in review? We should like
 to think we have. We should like to think
 that the things which he has noticed have
 contributed to the elevation of that portion
 of the human race which is domiciled in
 these fortunate isles. Here, says Judge
 BIGHAM, are better surroundings; here is
 wealth, indicating good employment and
 good wages; behold the fruits—an increase
 of goodness, a diminution of crime! Such a
 reflection is so gratifying that we are inclined
 to accept it, to swallow the soporific
 draught, and declare that the judicial mind
 has lighted upon the true remedy for the ills
 of the race: give us riches and we will be
 good.

Momentary reflection will show that the
 judgment is hasty and the premises ill-
 founded. When was material wealth more
 than an indication of—wealth? Crime
 will continue to exist when every known
 offence on the present calendar is extir-
 pated. When Mr. Justice BIGHAM travels
 from Assize to Assize, and gets white gloves
 at each, there will still be crimes
 enough in England to keep all our moralists
 and philosophers busy. They may be more
 subtle and hard to detect. They may be
 even undefinable, even unpunishable under
 any human code, but they will be there all
 the same, underlying the mask of smiling
 prosperity, meriting punishment every whit
 as severe as Mr. Justice BIGHAM ever
 meted out to a Birmingham wife-beater.

Of what sort will they be? A few days
 ago Mr. Justice GRANTHAM struck out,
 a little wildly perhaps, at one sort or descrip-
 tion of crime, when he said that publicans
 who serve drunken men ought to be hanged.
 The publicans were offended and wrote long
 letters to Mr. Justice GRANTHAM pointing
 out the injustice of his remark. But he only
 replied by saying that his remarks did not
 apply to "respectable" publicans. Nor
 would we desire to attack "respectable"
 poor law guardians when we say that some
 guardians should hang because thirty or
 forty poor souls were starved to death in
 London last year. Nor would we attack
 "respectable" educational authorities when
 we say that some one should hang because

the minds of thousands of children are
 starved every year by careless and inefficient
 methods of teaching. Here seem to be the
 crimes which are taking the place of those
 more evident offences in the diminution of
 which Mr. Justice BIGHAM has very pro-
 perly rejoiced. Let us be optimistic by all
 means, but in the fight against the deteriora-
 tion of the human race there is no finality,
 and it would be a mistake to stretch our
 optimism to the point of believing that there
 ever can be.

PLEASURES OF THE POOR.

With all due respect for Lord Balfour of
 Burleigh, for the kindness of his heart, and
 for his presumed desire to do all that he
 can on behalf of the poor, we cannot say
 much for his actual knowledge of them, if
 we must judge from a speech he has been
 delivering at Glasgow. He said that it
 "seemed as if all the brightness of life, and
 the gaiety were concentrated in one half of
 the community, and all the dullness and
 monotony of existence in the other." If it
 were the poor to whom Lord Balfour was
 referring in the former instance and the
 rich in the latter there might be something
 to be said for the contrast, but one is as-
 tounded to find that it is the lives of the
 poor which Lord Balfour believes to be
 "dull and monotonous." There could not
 be a greater mistake. Has Lord Bal-
 four ever joined in a "threepenny hop"?
 Has he walked down Chapel-street on Sat-
 urday night, or down Petticoat-lane on Sun-
 day morning? Has he ever spent an even-
 ing at "the eternal public-house" to which
 he refers? If so, we can hardly believe he
 would call it "dull." As a matter of fact,
 the House of Lords is slumbrous by com-
 parison; Belgravia is a wilderness of mon-
 otony compared to the Blackfriars-road, and
 in all probability the jolly bus-drivers look
 down with eyes only of pity upon the vision
 of Lord Balfour of Burleigh through the
 club-window, sipping his coffee in the
 silence and the shadow of a well-bred
 afternoon.

IN THE TRAIN.

The story of outrage and rufianism that
 had for its scene the long tunnel between
 Newcastle and Stoke-on-Trent is one of
 those things that every now and then
 wake us up to the fact that women, even
 in these days of their independence, need
 protection just as much as ever. Alas, for
 our boasted civilisation, that it should be
 so, but so it is! In the case of this horrible
 adventure, however, there is something
 more than mere ethics to be talked of. It
 is no piece of sensational fiction. It is an
 actual fact, and calls for prompt and prac-
 tical reform, above all in the matter of com-
 munication. The lack of some standard
 and publicly known means of communicat-
 ing with the guard on all lines throughout
 the kingdom has been forced upon our
 notice many a time before. It is a grotesque
 instance of our unbusiness-like methods
 that some universal arrangement should not
 have been arrived at in this matter. At
 present this communicating-cord appears to
 be set indiscriminately on the outside of the
 carriage—as in this instance—or on the
 inside. It hides itself in some "un-get-at-
 able" corner, or is decoratively disposed in
 the centre of the looking-glass, according
 to the artistic fancy of the carriage-makers.
 It is time this trifling was put a stop to. It
 is time such events as the murder of Miss
 Camp—a still unsolved mystery—and the
 assault of the lady from Stoke were brought
 home to the consciences of the railway com-
 panies, and something done, and that
 quickly.

GOLD MEDAL NIGHT AT THE R.A.

Owing to the illness of Sir Edward Poynter,
 the President, yesterday's "Gold Medal
 Night" at the Academy was almost as tame
 and uninteresting as the work exhibited.

To begin with, no competitor's work was
 adjudged worthy of the Gold Medal and Trav-
 elling Studentship for a historical painting.
 The subject given was "The Meeting of
 Diogenes the Cynic and Alexander at
 Corinth"; an admirable subject for
 "Punch" or the late Mr. Phil May, but one
 that completely baffled the students of the
 R.A.

The quality of the work exhibited was even
 below the average of recent years, and this
 falling-off certainly shows the pressing neces-
 sity of the reforms recently introduced.

Only one open prize was awarded to a lady
 student—£40 for a design for the decoration
 of a public building going to Miss Lilian
 Price-Edwards.

THE "ALL-ROUND" GIRL.

TRYING TO DO EVERYTHING MAKES
 MANY WOMEN PREMATURELY OLD.

A SIGH FOR THE PAST.

AMONGST the geniuses of this most mar-
 vellous age, surely the "all-round"
 girl should be granted her place and her meed
 of praise and admiration. Does anyone real-
 ise how wonderful she is?

We bow down before the Marconis and
 Curies of this world, because they are so rare
 that they can be counted on the fingers of a
 one-armed man. The "all-round" girl is to
 be met at every tea-fight, and so we think
 of her; surely she is nearly as wonder-
 ful. Her face, and as expert in sports as
 only their one subject to master, while the
 "all-round" girl has (one might almost say)
 her hundreds, of which she must become fairly
 mistress.

Nowadays a girl has a large proportion of
 the amusements, studies, and sports of a man
 to cope with, plus her own multifarious social
 and domestic duties.

An Admirable Crichton.

The injustice of it! What man is supposed
 to sew and cook—play the piano and trim his
 own hats? Yet a girl must be as well read, as
 well up in politics, and as expert in sports as
 he is, and still not neglect her own feminine
 avocations, unless she wants to be dubbed
 "unwomanly."

How does she manage to do it all? She
 begins at school, by sitting up late and getting
 up early, to pass stiff exams., and take "all"
 the subjects. When she comes out, there are
 plenty of duties to take the place of her
 studies. She probably helps in the parish,
 and belongs to half a dozen guilds and
 leagues. Then, society expects her to play
 and sing, paint, cook, photograph, dressmake,
 write, wood-carve, act, dance, play Bridge, be
 well read, take an intelligent interest in poli-
 tics, and be up in all the fads of the hour,
 from crystal-gazing to ping-pong.

As regards games and out-door occupations,
 she rides, drives, hunts, boats, "motes,"
 "bikes," shoots, sketches, skates, fences, golfs,
 plays hockey, croquet, tennis, and Badminton,
 and, no doubt, in the near future will
 play football and cricket as well.

"Having a Good Time."

Of course, the "all-round" girl knows all
 about the laws of health and physical culture.
 No matter what the rush is, she always
 manages to squeeze in her lectures on
 hygiene, or calisthenic classes. She goes in
 for every kind of drill and exercise, and has
 been taught the correct way to breathe, speak,
 walk, think, and do everything else.

She has an intimate and accurate know-
 ledge of her own bodily construction and
 functions. She has not studied anatomy for
 nothing. How her grandmother, who was
 brought up with the idea that it was indelic-
 ate to know anything about our internal arrange-
 ments, would open her eyes and stop her ears
 when the "all-round" girl explained things!

Needless to say, before very long, the strain
 to "do" everything begins to tell on the "all-
 round" girl. Every year brings a new fad,
 or study, or game, and she has to get a smat-
 tering of them, or run the risk of being left
 behind, that bogey of the modern young
 woman. Other girls do it, and she tells her-
 self "What the devil, she can manage," and
 grapples bravely with the problem of trying
 to crush a week's occupations and amuse-
 ments into a day, and pretends she is having
 a "good time."

Alas! for Years Gone By.

The years go on—the "all-round" girl re-
 mains single, or marries, as Fate decides, but
 either way her days grow more and more
 occupied. Soon the struggle to keep up with
 the ever increasing pace begins to show in
 her appearance. Frightened, she flies to
 beauty doctors to smooth the strained look
 from her face and hair; to hair specialists, to
 "transform" her thinning locks. She finds,
 too, that things irritate her and get on her
 nerves more quickly than they used to. The
 "hurry-headache" is her unailing com-
 panion. She half determines to go in for
 the new rest cure—only she can't spare the
 time!

Then, one day, instead of "fitting in" some
 lecture or pleasure into the remnant of time
 before she has to dress to go out, she allows
 herself a few luxurious moments of idleness,
 and wonders wearily how she will ever manage
 to speak at the debate at her club that night?
 Perhaps, as she realises how curiously done
 up she is, she is conscious of a faint wish
 that she had been born a century or so back,
 when to sing rapid little Italian songs, do fine
 embroidery, and understand the mill-room,
 was about all that was expected of a girl.

THE GOOD BURGLAR.

The story of a good burglar comes from
 Paris. He had entered a house in Boulevard
 de Sébastopol, and had just nicely packed up
 some valuables when he was surprised by a
 female servant.

He threw himself on the poor woman, and
 tried to strangle her. But presently his
 humane instincts prevailed. "Bah!" he
 said, "for the sake of two months in prison
 it's not worth while killing a woman. Return
 the house, my dear Miss, I won't do you any
 harm."

The poor girl was too frightened to make a
 sound, and so the burglar himself shouted
 "Robber," brought the police to the house,
 and was at once secured.



The Earl and the Girl.



SPLENDID SPECTACLE AND A POOR PLAY AT THE ADELPHI THEATRE.

MUSICAL comedy as presented at the Adelphi Theatre last night is exceedingly trivial stuff. It is also in many instances glaringly vulgar stuff. But it is glaring in another direction as well, and that is its saving grace. For of beautiful colour schemes "The Earl and the Girl" is full; there are splendid dresses in it, and a perfect riot of flowers, a combination of brilliancy that is often exceedingly charming.

It is a sad pity that musical comedy should be understood in these days to entail no more profound merits than a flimsy story, plenty of noise, and pretty frocks. The trend of events of late years has certainly proved that our popular modern authors and musical composers honestly believe these ingredients to be the only ones that will bring them profit, and Mr. Seymour Hicks and Mr. Ivan Caryll emphasise that verdict, emphasise it cruelly, by offering to their public a hotch-potch of blatant foolishness that does them no credit, insults the intelligence and hurts the refinement of their audience.

Hoary Wheezes.

What in the Adelphi performance is furthermore distressing is the fact that "The Earl and the Girl" should be played by so many members of the old Savoy company, actors and actresses who have hitherto had good musical comedy to interpret, words of true wit to speak, and whose very reputations

his last hour had come, at the instance of Mr. John C. Dixon, who, as Bunker Bliss, an excessively irate and massive American uncle, obsessed with a huge anger, bellowed in an alarmingly raucous voice his threats of vengeance. But when help arrived in the person of an equally massive lady, Mrs. Shimmering Black, behold the little dog-trainer quite affecting, nestling under the lady's wing as a child might under its mother's!

Miss Agnes Fraser is Elphin Haye, the American heiress of the play, whose intention to marry Dick Wargrave against her uncle's wishes forms the pivot of the story. Very thankfully be it chronicled Miss Fraser permits no assumption of the Yankee accent to mar her diction and looks bewitchingly pretty in the simplest of simple white muslin frocks, with pearls round her throat, and her dark hair, dressed in one long thick plait, hanging down her back, and has some tuneful songs to sing to which attendant nymphs contribute a rousing



Mr. Walter Passmore introducing the savage dog he has trained to the Host of the Fallowfield Arms.

have been built upon a foundation of all that is clever, original, and desirable in stagecraft. Surely wheezes hoary and wicked enough to be dismissed for ever to an unhallowed grave must stick in the throats of men and women who have had to pronounce the pungent satire and the mirthful irony of a Gilbert. Surely to sing lyrics that so utterly lack the dainty grace and masterly craftsmanship of a Sullivan must almost bring a sob to the voices of those who are called upon now to minister to music so opposite? Yet Miss Louie Pounds, Miss Winifred Hart-Dyke, Mr. Walter Passmore, Mr. Robert Evett, and all the artists concerned do well by the play.

The Earl of Stole.

Mr. Walter Passmore is Jim Cheese, a dog trainer, who, masquerading as the Earl of Stole at a fancy-dress ball, works his very hardest to invest the part with interest of a legitimate kind, and actually does contrive to depict the pathos of the situation, namely the intense desire of the poor dog trainer to make the most of his brief hour of rank and splendour. His song, "Then I Know that I'd be Satisfied with Life," is whimsical, with the whimsicality of old Savoy days, and was thoroughly to the taste of his audience. Mr. Passmore is a buffoon who knows the value of contrasts, and whose absurd moments are made more absurd by a deft and quick interpretation of a tiny touch of sadness.

He was a very sorry and utterly preposterous individual last night, when he thought

ber and dense black. It is a well-dressed and well-drilled spectacle; not an edifying one.

The most beautiful effects of the play were seen, the first in Act I., when a shower of rose petals descended like rain upon those assembled in the "Fallowfield Arms," and in Act II., the maypole of roses which came from the skies, or rather from the ceiling, for the scene is a conservatory. Here was a perfect mass of roses of all colours, the waving festoons of which were seized by beautifully garbed girls in Watteau costumes, some wearing white wigs, others their own natural dark hair. The effect was splendid, and was enhanced by plenty of merry song and dancing, Miss Winifred Hart-Dyke, as Lady Muriel, proving as ever the fleetest of terpsichorean artists.

The 'Ungry Bands.

Every member of the cast made the greatest possible exertions to make the play a success. Miss Phyllis Broughton as Miss Virginia Bliss looked handsome as a lady of the First Empire in a white satin toilette with a gorgeous blue velvet train, wearing her hair dressed high and a diamond crown. Mr. Robert Evett, as the Hon. Crew Booble, sang the tenor songs with gusto, as is proved by the sketch of him shown on this page. Miss Florence Lloyd gave a specially clever representation of Liza Shoddam, Jim Cheese's sweetheart, the common girl with a remarkable capacity for misplacing her words. "Listen to the 'Ungry Bands" was one of her remarks, while another time she declared that

she was "a most indelicate woman," a speech that may serve as a sample of the wit of the entertainment. Our pictures show, in addition to Mr. Evett, Mr. Walter Passmore, as Jim Cheese, the dog trainer, and Mr. Reginald Crompton, as Hazell, the host of the Fallowfield Arms; also Miss Agnes Fraser and Mr. Lytton as Elphin Haye and Dick Wargrave, singing the Church song in the first act. The Savoy used to be the habitat of the drama and music-loving clergy. At the Adelphi the parson would now be sadly out of place.

NEW THEATRE TERROR.

LADIES' HAT PINS CREATE DISSATISFACTION IN THE STALLS.

Playgoers fear that the removal of the matinee hat will have even more tragic results than the wearing of it. The time may even arrive when coat-of-mail will be fashionable wear in the stalls, otherwise there will be no protection against the hat pin. At one of the newest theatres the other night a lady received a long scratch across her back; at the same moment her husband, an inoffensive, military-looking man, called out



Mr. Lytton and Miss Fraser sing a mildly humorous duet.

chorus. Those nymphs figure rather too conspicuously in Dick Wargrave's song, "The Cosy Corner Girl," warbled by that gentleman (Mr. Henry A. Lytton) at the feet of his sweetheart Elphin. For each nymph, clad in a gorgeous full dress toilette of orange mouseline de soie rendered remarkably striking by the addition of black hosiery and shoes, lounges in a wicker chair fondling a little black kitten in her pretty arms, and as the chorus echoes through the hall, twists her skirts and crosses her feet, thus producing, in a twinkling, a froth of raiment, one mass of glorious am-

that he had been stabbed. Looking round, they discovered two ladies vigorously impaling their hats to the backs of their seats. "I'm very sorry you are hurt," said one offender, "but one must put one's hat somewhere." The injured allowed the fact, but objected to about three inches of hat-pin protruding from their stall. American women,



Mr. Evett, with suitable gesture, sings about the British Grenadier.

who are the chief offenders, without exception make a practice of affixing their hats to the seats in front of them. They may manage things better in the States; perhaps the backs of the seats are solid or the hat pins shorter; but here the habit is most uncomfortable. The hat pin of modern days almost equals the stiletto of the past as a woman's weapon. She will be doing some irreparable injury with it at the play if she does not take care.

THE QUEEN'S POULTRY PRIZES.

The Queen's famous poultry farm at Sandringham fully maintained its reputation at Bury St. Edmunds yesterday, when her Majesty took first, second, and third prizes in classes for mixed varieties at the Fanciers' Society's Show.

THE WESTMINSTER PLAY.

LATIN ORIGINAL OF "OUR BOYS" ACTED WITH SPIRIT BY OUR BOYS.

FISCAL HUMOURS IN DEAN'S YARD

"SENECA cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light." True, indeed; but one fears the pleasant company who gather yearly in the dear old dormitory, daddoed with the names of departed "Westminsters" (whose ghosts, said last night's prologue, "revisit the play"), hardly know how "light" Plautus is. They hardly know that those chunks of crabbed Latin represent almost the jolliest, broadest, shrewdest farce the world has ever known.

They hardly know that the "Menaechmi" is nothing more nor less than a Roman transcript of "Our Boys," and that if Sheridan had looked anywhere for the famous scene in the "School for Scandal," where Charles Surface sells up his ancestral portraits to the good uncle disguised as "little Premium," he need have looked no farther than "Plautus his 'Trinummus'."

Of course, the "King's scholars," who are perched up in the gallery, and cheer and applaud in the right places, know all this—or rather, we must give them the credit for knowing it. Perhaps the ladies down below are a little less in the secret. After all, for them that does not matter much, for the sister of a "Westminster" cannot possibly be seen to better advantage than she is as she sits, looking the very picture of all that is bright and pretty, and happy and young, against the cold, grey old stone of the dormitory wall. And that is more important than understanding Plautus.

Hidden Treasure.

Last night, however, there was some reason to regret that even the ladies could not be expected to follow the drift of "Plautus his 'Trinummus'" very closely, because for once the "Westminsters" have been able to get the main point of their famous topical epilogue right out of the motive of the old Plautine play. They were not able, one may mention, quite to do this with the allusions of the prologue. The Latin lament over the demolition of Sutcliffe's "tuckshops" in Great College had to go for what it was worth, just "on its own."

But the epilogue had better luck, for it will be remembered the whole plot of the play has to do with "hidden treasure." A young scapegrace wants to sell his father's farm to pay his own debts. Only the old slave knows of what worth that farm is, for the careful father had hidden fabulous treasure beneath it. Readers of the *Daily Mirror* will at once see the topical opportunity, which the "Westminsters" seized upon with all their accustomed brilliancy and promptitude. It is, perhaps, needless to add that the £1,000 mentioned in the epilogue for those who knew had been hidden by the editor of a popular paper.

There was, however, no mention of "radium." That was supplied in the quite scintillating act of yesterday's epilogue, which was one of the funniest that has been spoken at Westminster for several years. Indeed, it is not only an excellent little play in itself, but a regular Latin verse rival of "Wisdom While You Wait."

A "Big Loat" for "High Tea."

There is hardly a subject before the public mind upon which it does not touch. In the first place, Charmides and the Sycophant—two of the characters from Trinummus, as also are the other people of the epilogue—turn up as shipwrecked politicians, and get ashore in the dark. The Sycophant produces a candle, but their matches have been spoilt by the wet, and he vainly tries to light it with a "rheumatic ring." However, they find an inn, where they order "high tea." Meanwhile the landlord groans over the loss of his licence and the refusal of compensation.

When the meal arrives, Charmides proposes to keep the bread and meat for himself and give the tea and tobacco to the Sycophant, as the Sycophant wishes to tax bread and meat, and to remit taxation on tea and tobacco. Charmides relents, and offers him the choice of a small or a big loaf. At this the Sycophant is annoyed, but recovers on hearing that the mutton comes from New Zealand.

At this point two members of the Roman Stock Exchange enter, just finishing a walking race. One accuses the other of having run. They have hardly become reconciled when an auctioneer appears, about to distract on the effects of a "passive resister." The effects prove to consist of volumes of the "Encyclopaedia Britannica." When this is discovered, the crowd make a rush at this auctioneer.

A Fiscal Speech.

The Sycophant, however, attempts to pacify them by making a speech. He explains his fiscal policy, but they are obdurate until he tells them that an essential part of it is a scheme for Old Age Pensions. (Loud cheers.) Encouraged, he urges that the fiscal campaign will necessitate funds, and proceeds to make a collection, giving as security a box he has brought. The money having been collected, he leaves for South Africa. The box proves to be empty.

It is the fury which this engenders in the multitude which is alleviated by the landlord's news as to the hidden £1,000. The crowd disperse post-haste to find it, and therewith ends a little skit that augurs a merry turn for satire in Latin, such as is very much wanted in English upon the work-a-day stage.

More than £200 for Bridge Players. Final Coupon.

CONDUCTED BY ERNEST BERGHOLT.

To-day we issue the THIRTEENTH AND LAST COUPON, which represents a deal at Double Dummy—all the hands being exposed. Solvers who have found it difficult to play as if they did not know cards which they can plainly see will now be freed from their embarrassment. Full advantage is to be taken of the known position of every card, after the opening lead.

Those who have not yet entered for the Tournament should procure copies of the *Daily Mirror* for Nov. 20, 24, 26, 28, Dec. 1, 3, 5, 8, and 10 (which contain the twelve previous coupons), and send in all the thirteen together, carefully observing the rules which follow. Those who have already sent in Coupons 1 to 12 have now to forward the coupon on this page.

♥ £150 TO BE GIVEN AWAY. ♥

Everybody who can play a game of Bridge can enter for the Tournament. The entrance fee is a mere trifle, and the prospective gain is very large.

N THE CASH PRIZES. N

The proprietors of the *Daily Mirror* offer, as a free gift, the sum of

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY POUNDS.

One hundred pounds of this and the whole of the entrance fees received from the competitors will be divided among those who send in the best set or sets of replies to the complete series of coupons. If two or more competitors tie, the money will be divided equally among them. The remaining

♦ FIFTY POUNDS ♦

will be distributed in consolation prizes among the unsuccessful competitors. Beginners need not be afraid to enter. Many experts will fail through hunting for difficulties which do not exist.

♦ THE RULES. ♦

1. Each competitor must cut out the diagrams, sign them at foot with full name and address, add the nom de guerre (or initials which it is desired to use, pin the diagrams to the replies, and enclose the whole in an envelope, addressed to the Bridge Editor, *Daily Mirror*, 2, Carmelite-

street, London, E.C., accompanied by a postal order for one shilling, crossed Barclay and Co.

There will only be one such entrance fee payable by each competitor during the whole of the Tournament.

2. The Tournament is open to both men and women.

3. New competitors may enter at any time during the progress of the Tournament; but in such case a complete set of diagrams

from the beginning must always be enclosed with the entrance fee.

4. The outside of the envelope must be legibly marked above the address: "*Da-7 Mirror Bridge Tournament.*" Reasons for, or explanations of the play may be given, but no other communication or inquiry may be enclosed under the same cover. Requests for information, queries on points of Bridge play, suggestions, reports of hands dealt, etc., must invariably be sent under separate cover.

5. Each coupon must be accompanied by

one mode of play only, as the competitor may decide. A competitor may send in as many complete sets of coupons as he or she likes, distinguishing each separate set by some letter or mark, and forwarding a P.O. for one shilling with the first coupon (or first batch of coupons) of each set. The reprint of a coupon need be taken no notice of by a competitor who has already sent in his or her reply to that coupon. Each complete set will be considered independently, but no single competitor shall be entitled to more than one share of the prize money.

6. In all matters admitting of reasonable doubt the decision of the Bridge Editor (which will be given with the strictest impartiality) must be accepted as final.

7. No person in the employ of, or connected with the publication of, the *Daily Mirror* will be allowed to compete.

8. The above rules are subject to modification or correction before the competition closes.

Competitors are urged to send in their entries as early as possible.

Back numbers can always be obtained through newsgents, or facsimile diagrams will be sent by the Bridge Editor on receipt of two penny stamps per diagram.

December 14 is the last day on which solutions from England and Wales will be received, but sufficient extra time will be allowed for residents in Scotland, Ireland, the Channel Islands, and Europe.

BRIDGE DAY BY DAY.

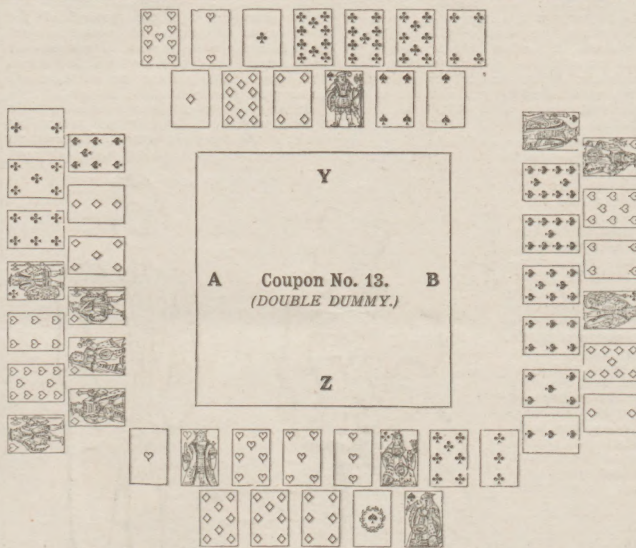
E THE TOURNAMENT AN INTELLECTUAL PLEASURE.

"A. S. H. G." says: "I do not expect to win a prize, but have enjoyed the play. I am afraid you will have a tremendous task in going over the different replies."

It is one great advantage of a really intellectual contest like our Tournament, that, whether you succeed or not, you will most certainly have increased your insight into the game, besides having derived much amusement from it. As for the task before us—our heart sinks when we contemplate it! But no care nor labour shall be spared to arrive at a correct decision.

♦ NOT AN INFRINGEMENT OF RULE. ♦

"Ranger" would like to mark the play by affixing numerals to the cards of the coupon itself. The method is not positively forbidden by our rules, but it will be by no means easy for the examiners to peruse!



Score: Love all. Z deals and declares Hearts. A leads ♠ K. The hands of Y and B are then exposed.

Write out in some convenient form what you consider to be the correct play of the above deal at Double Dummy. The object is not to make YZ win tricks, to which they are not fairly entitled, through the mistakes of A and B; but to record the play and the result, on the understanding that each player is to do his best, taking full advantage of the known position of the cards.

State legibly at the head of your reply the total number of tricks won by Y and Z.

Name..... Nom de Guerre
or
Address..... Initials

ROUND THE CLOCK WITH A SOCIETY WOMAN

By LADY VIOLET GREVILLE.

PRIME MINISTERS I HAVE KNOWN

By H. W. LUCY ("Toby, M.P.")

The First of a Striking
New Series of Romances by
ARTHUR MORRISON,
entitled:

"THE GREEN EYE OF GOONA."

Contributions by

ATOM GALLON,

the Author of "Wee Macgregor."

H. B. MARIOTT-WATSON,

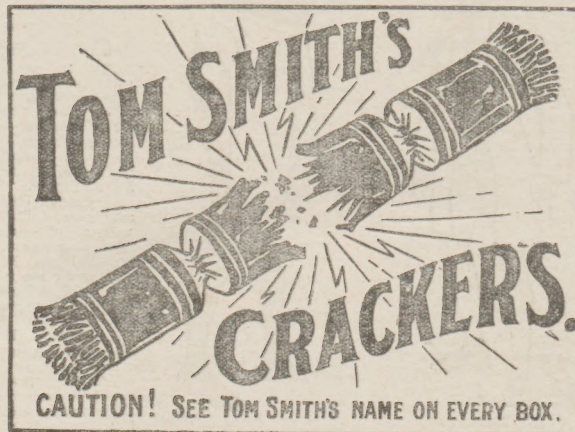
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writers appear in the

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Hall Marked Sterling
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BRUSH, 6in. long,
and
COMB, 7in. long.
Complete in Leather and
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and supply the public
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per cent. below Shop-
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Large and Choice Stock of
Jewellery, Silver Goods, &c.
See our Large Catalogue,
which may be had Post Free.
1300 Illustrations.

LAMBERT & CO., SILVERSMITHS, 2 to 7, HALL-ST., BIRMINGHAM.



The reckless princess who kissed the swineherd.



A fairy-tale costume.

THE FAIRY TALE BAZAAR.

A HANS ANDERSEN IDYLL AT THE PORTMAN ROOMS YESTERDAY.

WITHOUT rain-splashed pavements, dripping umbrellas, and a general air of depression; within, behind the magic gates of the Portman Rooms in Baker-street, bright hangings and gay devices in gold and silver, and a motley crowd of chimney-sweeps, most realistically smutty, dainty pink and blue shepherdesses, little Chinese ladies in delicate embroidered silks, witches in high hats, mermaids all pearls and blue and white draperies, and a whole bevy of Christmas spirits in flowing red robes, furred with snowy white, and holly wreaths round their pretty heads.

It was like looking at an animated fairy tale book to watch the stall-holders at the Hans Andersen Fairy-tale Bazaar yesterday crying their wares and doing a busy trade in knick-knacks and etceteras of all sorts.

The crowd of buyers was so dense that, till the advent of tea-time, it was difficult to get a good view of the stalls, which had been designed by Miss Hilda Cowham to represent favourite Andersen stories.

Particularly effective was the one entitled



A Hindoo beauty.

"What the Moon Saw," where a handsome, dark-eyed girl with an embroidered sarree thrown over her head, squatted cross-legged amongst curios and fandanglies from all parts of the world, while opposite her was posed a fascinating Jap, with chrysanthemums in her hair.

At the sign of the Golden Pig the youthful saleswomen wore white frocks beaming with wooden toys, and crowns artfully contrived of Dutch dolls.

The Princess—that same reckless lady who kissed the swineherd—was in brave array of green and gold, with a pearl net over her hair, and a high-horned headdress on top of all. Her attendant court ladies were Miss Elia Hahn, in a gown of lovely old brocade, with a stomacher of silver tissue, and Miss Hilda Cowham, in a picturesque yellow farthingale and floating veil.

Other energetic helpers were Miss Viola Tree and Lady Mary Pepys, all hovering round the snow-strewn stall at the entrance.

The tea-room had a most festive air, with its little Christmas trees and white-froked



Perhaps the only living mermaid ever seen in London. U

waitresses, and in the room beyond, singing and story-telling were the order of the day.

Three or four chubby little lads sat in a row under Japanese umbrellas, and sang a song written specially by Miss Constance Smedley, while a little snow man capered about before the footlights without a sign of stage fright. Then came fairy-tales, told to an audience of round-eyed babies by Miss Winifred Mayo, and later Miss Pamela Colman Smith recited the wonderful adventures of Ceiling Thomas the Spider, and the Cat who climbed the pudding tree.

The whole affair was, as it deserved to be, a great success. The members of the "Girls' Realm Guild" had spared no pains to furnish their stalls attractively, and their friends and relations rallied round them with such good will that more than half of the embroideries, pottery, and sweets seemed to have been bought up in the first hour. All the little brothers and sisters of the fairy-tale heroes and heroines turned up in force, and wandered blissfully about laden with toys and goodies.

INFANT ARTISTS.

BUDDING WHISTLERS AND MANETS AND THEIR WORK.

THE budding Whistlers and embryo Manets of Southwark will not miss their vocation for want of due encouragement. The examples of their skill now on view at the public baths in Lavington-street are quite the most striking exhibits in the interesting collection of handwork executed by pupils of the local schools.

Coloured chalks are the medium favoured by these five-year-olds, and brown paper makes an effective background for their impressionist sketches. The back view of a white cat is most lifelike, and equally convincing are life-size carrots, turnips, and radishes, treated with so much feeling as quite to obliterate their prosy associations. More ambitious is a sketch entitled "Children Making Hay," where little sausage-shaped beings, each with the inevitable row of big buttons down the front of his body, toss their pitchforks with realistic vigour. A "Dog in a Kennel with a Boy Feeding Him" is a spirited composition in red, white, and blue, which does not need the prudently attached legend to explain itself.

The picture sent in by a miniature G. F. Watts, aged four, has evidently some unex-

rate all the attractive canvases, or, rather brown-papers, would take too long.

An eager band of art-loving Southwark babies were seen toddling with appreciative comments from one picture to the other; those of the smallest size expressed some natural surprise that only one policeman had been provided to boost up those whose heads did



She seemed to have just stepped out of a Hans Andersen fairy book.

not reach as high as the shelves. This is the first time that such an exhibition has been localised, and as all the bad little boys of the Borough are clamouring for admission, its effects as a missionary enterprise will probably be considerable.

WOMEN STAMP COLLECTORS.

Stamp-collecting is increasing in popularity as a hobby for women. An example of a valuable collection is that of Mrs. Field, now on exhibition in Albemarle-street with her husband's. The Princess of Wales has a small collection, although it in no way equals the Prince's, which, though not of extraordinary value, is unique in that it only contains stamps of Great Britain and her Colonies.

Other well-known women who are enthusiastic and keen collectors are the Duchess of Bedford, Duchess of Abercorn, Lady Lanesborough, and Lady Leicester. All these possess collections valued at several thousands.

The most valuable stamp collection in the world has been made by M. Philipp la Renotiere, of Paris, known to collectors as Herr von Terrary. This collection is worth a quarter of a million. His expenditure with Stanley Gibbons alone averages from £3,000 to £4,000 a year.

A Mr. H. J. Duveen, who did not take up collecting till 1892, has got the finest collection, outside the British Museum, in this country.



A dainty pink and blue shepherdess.

plained allegorical meaning—a sugar-loaf mountain in black-lead pencil is adorned all over with huge spikes of green chalk, presumably grass blades, and a roly-poly man is climbing, round buttons and all, up the hill, picking his way through the giant herbage, with a total disregard of the laws of anatomy which fetter less aspiring genius. To enu-



The mermaid's stall at the Hans Andersen bazaar.

Our Feuilleton.

Chance, the Juggler.

BY CORALIE STANTON AND HEATH HOSKEN.

(Authors of "BY RIGHT OF MARRIAGE.")

CHAPTER XXXI.

AT that most critical period of her life, the time of her husband's death, Helen Lorison had thought that all good in her was dead. She thought she could never again believe, never again hope, never again love. The iron had entered deep into her soul, and she went down into the dark gulf of Despair.

And she turned against her child, for whom she had been secretly longing; she felt that she hated it, because she had borne it in that period of self-exaltation and madness that she had mistaken for Life. She hated it, because Roland Lorison had been its father, because she felt there must be in it some taint of his gigantic selfishness, of his insidious philosophy that had taught her to despise humanity and to hate Life. She felt that she never wanted to see the child again. It was a stranger to her; a stranger let it remain.

So she went to Brittany, to the woman, Louise Kertolen, and said to her: "Keep the child. I do not want her. I will never claim her. Bring her up as your own."

And the Breton answered, "I will keep her, for she is a dear little creature, and I have come to love her as my own, but I am a poor woman, and you must pay me." And a gleam of cupidity had kindled in her eyes.

Now, Helen knew nothing about money. At home she had never seen any, and during her three years of married life she had always had more than she wanted to spend. But one of her husband's friends had told her that she had nothing. The information did not trouble her at the time; she did not understand it. Roland had always spent money lavishly, had encouraged her to do so. The furniture of their flat was exquisite, and she had been told, of great value. But now she found that already a great deal of money had been lent on it, and that her husband had had no income at all, but had been living on capital which had been lent to him a few years before, and, with his characteristic skill in all matters that concerned his comfort, had managed to make it last out until the day of his death, and, being gifted with the unscrupulous man's facility for obtaining credit, had left a heap of bills, some larger, some smaller, to pay which his widow had to sell all her ornaments. All this had been done for Helen through Roland's friend, an artist, who was also a

good man of business, and she hardly realised that beyond what was in her purse she had nothing in the world. When the Breton woman asked for money she was nonplussed; but the desire was frantic in her to cut herself loose from all ties, and she went back to Paris and found some ornaments that had somehow been overlooked, and that Roland had once told her were very valuable. They were *cinquante* work, fashioned of enamel and bizarre shaped stones; and a jeweller gave her two hundred pounds for them.

When she took the money to the Breton woman her face lighted up.

"Yes, I will keep the dear lamb," she said. "It is little enough money, but I love her as if she were my own. And you will never claim her, madame?"

"Never—never," said the girl, whose whole life had been twisted all out of shape.

"Ah, well, you are very young," muttered the peasant, "and at best a child is an encumbrance. Myself, I have done with life, and she will comfort my old age. Would you like to see her once more?"

"No—no." Something clutched at her heart strings. She wanted to get away—far away.

"And you are sure you will never regret?"

"Never—quite, quite sure."

But she did regret before three months had passed. She was nineteen, penniless, without a friend; for she had cut herself adrift from the little *coterie* of brilliant idlers that had gathered about the man whose memory she loathed. The artist had asked her to marry him; but all her wounds were still raw, and she had refused him with an indignation that he could not understand.

She would not apply for help to her hard-working brother or her prosperous sister; her father was dead. She sought employment in Paris, and found a post as music-mistress in a cheap girls' school. The pay was hardly enough to keep body and soul together; the loneliness was awful. She tried to take an interest in learning again; she sought solace with her old friends, the Greek poets and philosophers; but her brain was twisted as well as her heart, and all the great thoughts of great men were no more alive to her than the paving stones that she trod with her weary feet.

And then a great longing possessed her; she knew what it was that had clutched at her heart strings on that day in Brittany—the little hands of her child. She need not be lonely; she was shutting out wilfully the best part of life. It would be Heaven to slave for someone, to feel the touch of clinging hands, to know that one single human being had need of her. What a fool she had been! The consolation had been there, all the time, waiting for her to gather it to her heart. It would bring back faith and hope and love. She smiled to herself with a new and glowing happiness. She could feel the ice melting, and the crooked growing straight.

The child was just two years old—the most delightful age. How she would watch over her and care for her, to atone for all that long and cruel neglect! They would leave Paris; she hated Paris. The child must have coun-

try air, and green fields, and sunshine; she would find work somewhere, of some sort. She felt equal to anything, with such an incentive; the mother was born in her at last.

Her own child. She would live for it; she would never be lonely again. It would fill the whole world. It was hers, hers alone. She would forget that Roland Lorison had been its father; and, if she found anything of him, any trace, any shadow, she would root it out.

Fool that she had been to let that man enslave her mind! How blind to have absorbed herself in all that barren theorising, when there was life all the time at her very hand!

She made this great resolve one morning, after a night of sleepless agony, and the rest of the day she lived in a fever, because she could not get away. But she obtained a holiday for the next day, and sold her last piece of jewellery to buy a ticket to the Breton village and bring the child back.

But, when she reached her room, she found a letter waiting for her from Louise Kertolen, saying that she was overwhelmed with regret to have to announce to Madame that her poor little lamb was dead.

Helen had no one to help her then; she was plunged straight into Hell, after having dreamed with all her ardent soul of Heaven, a simple, natural woman's Heaven, the consecration of a mother's life to her child. Once more she saw through the dark glasses; the world was a place designed only for the torment and misery of the souls of men.

She would have taken her life, only that mercifully her reason was taken from her, and for days she raved in brain fever, and for weeks she lay like a log, devoid of all volition, unable to make the effort to live.

Her landlady had immediately packed her off to a hospital. She was kindly treated, only they could not help showing impatience because her recovery was so slow, and there were so many without clamouring for admittance to be cured of their ills.

She rose from her bed a changed woman. Comfort and solace had been denied her; consolation there was none.

She never doubted that the child was dead. She read that there had been an epidemic in the village. It never occurred to her that, when a child is a burden to its mother, it will be still more of a burden to a stranger, and that the peasant woman had willingly parted with the little girl for more gold, and, to prevent awkward questions, had written and told her that she was dead.

She found herself in Paris again without a penny; she found that her place in the school had been given to another. She could not go to Brittany to hear details of the child's death; she could not even send money to have a little stone set to mark her grave. She did not care—she cared about nothing on earth.

The gentle and good and true things of life had been given to her, and she had set them aside; then she had asked for them, with fierce yearning, and they had been denied. She was outcast from the Table of Life that is spread so abundantly for those who take its good things with a humble and grateful heart. There remained for her the feast of the other gods.

Her old dreams of freedom came back to her, freedom from all ties, from all duties, freedom to grasp at the glittering thing that is not gold. Freedom and power, power to crush,

and to inflict pain and torment, and to rouse desire, and to withhold.

And she sought for freedom and power in strange places, and found them not. And, because she was strong, and one woman in a million, she did not remain in chains, but she arose above herself and roamed over the world the melancholy thing, a woman without a single illusion, a woman whose brain had been arrested long before it had stored up all the wisdom that was its share, a woman who had learned a wide tolerance and a universal sympathy, but who had lost faith both in God and man.

And this was the woman who believed she had found in Martia Chesney the little child whom the Breton peasant woman had told her was dead.

Indeed, there could be no doubt. There was not only the Breton woman's name, but the date, and the likeness, and the attraction between them. Taken together, these things were irrefutable proof. Louise Kertolen had sold the child to this other woman, because she wanted more money, and had not cared a snap of her toll-woman fingers for the "little lamb."

It was quite dark when Helen Lorison rose from the grass. She had not seen the miracle of the fading day; she had not watched Corsica grow spectral for a moment, and then vanish, as if it were a mirage. The past was so real that she started when she saw the big restaurant alight close by.

She did not even remember the train, or ask if the last one had gone. She found the steep path, and, like a woman in a dream, she started to walk down it.

Her daughter. This beautiful girl, with something of Roland Lorison in her face, but surely nothing in her nature, with frank, loyal eyes, and a wonderful smile. They all said that she was happy; they all talked of her happiness; some mocked it. She was married. How strange it seemed.

But what had she said? "It is a curse, I tell you, to be an undesired child. No matter what happens, it embitters life."

Why should a happy woman say that? As a punishment for her, for the mother who had caused her to say it. They were words put into her mouth by Destiny to strike; and they had struck home.

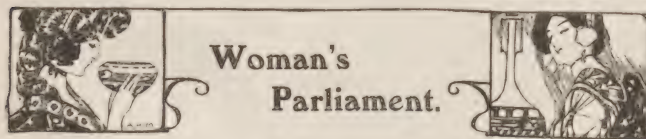
Oh, God! An undesired child, unwanted—yes, but then so fiercely wanted, so longed for, when it was too late. And all a trick—a lie. Two lives embittered, one by an unhappy childhood, a loveless youth; the other by a dark load of memory, and—who knew?—perchance a chain of consequences that might encompass both, and bring to the dust the innocent girl's happiness and honour and faith.

"Oh, no—not that, merciful Heaven, not that!" She need never know. It was the beginning of the punishment; she must never know. And already the mother's heart yearned over her. But, if the girl knew, she would hate her; she hated her already, without knowing. She could hear the cold young voice now, ringing the knell of possible forgiveness:—"More than that; she was fiendishly cruel!"

She did not meet many people, a countryman or two, and some soldiers going up to the fort. They looked at her in amazement.

To be Continued To-morrow.

THE NEXT INSTALMENT OF MR. ANTHONY HOPE'S STORY, "DOUBLE HARNESS," WILL APPEAR TO-MORROW.



Woman's Parliament.

RADIUM BADLY WANTED.

(To the Editor of the Daily Mirror.)

I see that the suggestion is made that the radium won in your competition should be given to one of the hospitals.

May I make an application for King's College Hospital, as it at present possesses none, and I have only 10 milligrammes of my own with which to work?

A. D. REID,

M.R.C.S., etc.,

Electrical Medical Office, King's College Hospital.

"INSULAR PREJUDICE."

(To the Editor of the Daily Mirror.)

You say, in effect, that the "stately Englishwoman" is a far more beautiful object than "any queen of the Geisha that ever fluttered her fan."

May I suggest that that is simply due to your insular prejudice, to the natural bias of environment?

I have lived several years in Japan, and seen much of its ladies.

My first impression was that they were inane little dolls; after a few months I decided that they were rather charming; in a year I regarded them as the most delightful feminine type I had ever met.

It was a case of "first endure, then pity, then embrace"—except that it never came to the third stage in my case, save in a purely figurative sense.

I sincerely hope never to marry at all—being of opinion that women, like "Injuns," are "pison wherever met"—but if I were bound, under severe penalties, to sacrifice my liberty, it would be the dainty, tender, clinging, little Japanese I should choose for my partner. And mark this: Familiarity with this fasci-

nating type opened my eyes to what my countrywomen really were. I saw your "stately," queenly Englishwoman in her true light—fierce, masculine, selfish, cold-hearted, exacting, frivolous, and mean.

Go to any Far Eastern treaty port. Mark the green-eyed, tow-haired, essentially vulgar Englishwoman you find there—a curse to her husband and a nuisance to society.

Then look round for a Japanese lady—not a Geisha—gazelle-eyed, graceful, the soul of refinement, ready to sacrifice herself every minute of the day for her husband, her father, or her children.

Do that, and I think you will agree with Bayswater. POOH-BAH.

"THE GREATEST OF THESE IS—"

(To the Editor of the Daily Mirror.)

May I say in reply to Mr. Loch's letter, that my article under this heading was neither partial nor ill-natured, but a simple statement of facts? I respect Mr. Loch, but don't agree with his methods; and I have no grounds whatever for ill-will towards either him or the C.O.S.

Mr. Loch's memory is at fault on one or two points. I did not go to him with any reference from Toynbee Hall, nor was that institution mentioned by either of us. Nor did I go to him as one interested in charity organisation. I went, as I told him, on the advice of a former private enquiry agent of the society's, to ask whether he or his officers could give me any information about child-labour in London.

Mr. Loch was entirely obliging. He could tell me nothing of it himself, but said that if I liked I could meet his district secretaries at their next monthly meeting and put my enquiries to them. I availed myself of his offer, and this brings us to the "simple

dinner" which Mr. Loch (after accusing me of partiality) mentions as if it were a private function.

On the night of the monthly meeting, we went, about a dozen of us, and dined at Gatti's in the Strand. I had then no thought of writing a word about the society. I understood that the dinner was a regular monthly feature; I assumed that it was paid for as part of the expenses of the society, and subsequently I felt that I need not consider myself puzzled by such a dinner as if it had been a matter of private hospitality. Moreover, I am surprised that Mr. Loch should mention it in a way that seems to suggest that I ought to have regarded it in that light. The society is a public body, and should not even *wish* to hide its proceedings behind a dinner.

After dinner, in the society's club-room, I put my question to the secretaries, and was amazed to be told in all seriousness that child-labour in London had practically ceased—that the society and the School Board had put an end to it. I referred to cases that had lately appeared in the papers, but was assured that they were merely isolated instances. One said vaguely, "There may be a little fur-pulling in Bernersday way, but it is nothing to speak of." There was a pause, and it occurred to me afterwards that I was then intended to withdraw; but I lingered, chatting with one of the secretaries, innocent of any sort of intention; the evening's business was started, and, getting interested, I remained.

The case of the widow is entirely true as given in my article. That of the bank clerk is also accurately reported. I mentioned both in an article that was contributed gratuitously to a paper with which I was connected at the time, and Mr. Loch did not contradict them then, when the facts were fresh in his memory.

As he forgets the case of the widow, I am wondering whether the old man he speaks of in his letter is identical with the bank clerk I spoke of. The more so as he refers to a brother, and it was distinctly stated at the meeting that the man had no relatives living. That was why he put his pride in his pocket and applied to the society. Further, the district secretary who had been investigating the bank clerk's affairs seemed in full sympathy with the old man and reluctant to

agree that "he was practically a gambler," and that, therefore, nothing could be done for him.

I even ventured to say myself that it was hard that such a man should have to go to the workhouse, and Mr. Loch said that as he wrote a good hand he might possibly be appointed clerk to the master, and so receive certain privileges not granted to the ordinary pauper. This remains with me, because I did not know until then that the master employed one of the paupers as his clerk.

Other instances of the society's cold charity have since come to my hearing; and I am told, on excellent authority, that as much as eighty per cent. of the society's funds are absorbed by expenses. I cannot think this right, and, therefore, feel it is my duty to call attention to the society's goings when I can.

I long since eased my conscience by sending the value of that dinner to the "Dispatch Children's Dinner Fund," and when I saw reference made in the *Mirror* to the failings of the C.O.S., instead of repeating what others had told me, I preferred to give an unvarnished account of these two typical cases that had actually come within my own knowledge.

A. ST. JOHN ADCKE.

ANOTHER "SQUEAK OF RESENTMENT!"

(To the Editor of the Daily Mirror.)

I think it is a pity you should allow gentlemen to enter all the competitions in this, the only *lady's* newspaper.

Yesterday the winner was a man, and all those mentioned as having sent in the correct number were men.

Please don't think me merely a disappointed competitor. I should not have minded had a woman won, nor do I wish all the good things to ourselves. For instance, I think it quite right that men should enter the Bridge competition.

The odds are heavy against the women in this treasure-seeking competition. Most of us have our household duties to attend to almost immediately upon rising from the breakfast table, during the time our men devote to their newspaper. A. GLANFIELD. Albemarle Hotel, Eastbourne.



Fashions On and Off the Stage.

THE CRAZE FOR BULLION.

METALLIC EFFECTS IN MATTERS MODISTIC.

PICKING up gold and silver was the top-most note of joy aspired to in a game of our youth known as "Tom Tiddler's Ground." Fashion seems to have been playing at this lately, and is prodigal in her use

A beautiful
Watteau
Dress
worn in
"The Earl
and the
Girl,"
at the
Adelphi.



of the different glories of these two metals. There is silver decorating many of the latest editions of the taffeta gown; there are gold ribbons festooning with their elegance dresses of lace; many of the fashionable heads may be seen decorated with bows of gold and bows of silver; while every cloth dress which bears a coat to match would seem to possess a narrow gold braiding on the hems of its velvet or cloth revers of contrasting colour. A narrow thread of gold outlines many designs of black braid; and a most effective result, although one perhaps too garish for every-day occasions, is gained by a dress of dark blue cloth which bears huge sunflowers in black braid outlined with a tiny gold cord, the centre of these sunflowers being represented by a disc of gold-coloured velvet. The model looks well enough for skating at a rink, but any other occasion would be entirely suitable for a display of its charms.

As an example of prodigality, which is entirely adorable, I would quote a tea gown of Liberty satin, in a dull, pale shade of blue, with a deep collar and skirt empiecement made of silver lace striped with lines of mink tail. The bodice of this was cut slightly in V shape, with a few folds of white chiffon in chemisette form, while the lace collar at the back terminated with two monster tassels.

The Success of the Sequin.

The gold sequin and the silver sequin are powdered on fabrics of every conceivable description; most decoratively may they be used together on a background of cream-coloured lace. Then silver and gold laces are successfully treated with sequins to match, or sequins of "the other fellow," so to speak. Cloth of gold and cloth of silver are alike used to make the foundation of embroideries which shall deck dresses of satin souple; and a gold and silver gauze presents a successful foundation to chiffon dresses which are powdered with gold and silver. The sequin itself assumes different shapes, round, square, and pear shape, both the latter being more or less new, while very effective little fringes are made of pear-shaped sequins pendant from a narrow metal galon.

Silver is to be found interwoven liberally with the new brocades, which are to serve for gowns of state in the near future; an exquisite example being white and silver, bearing a design of cream carnations, which materialises the lovely evening dress sketched

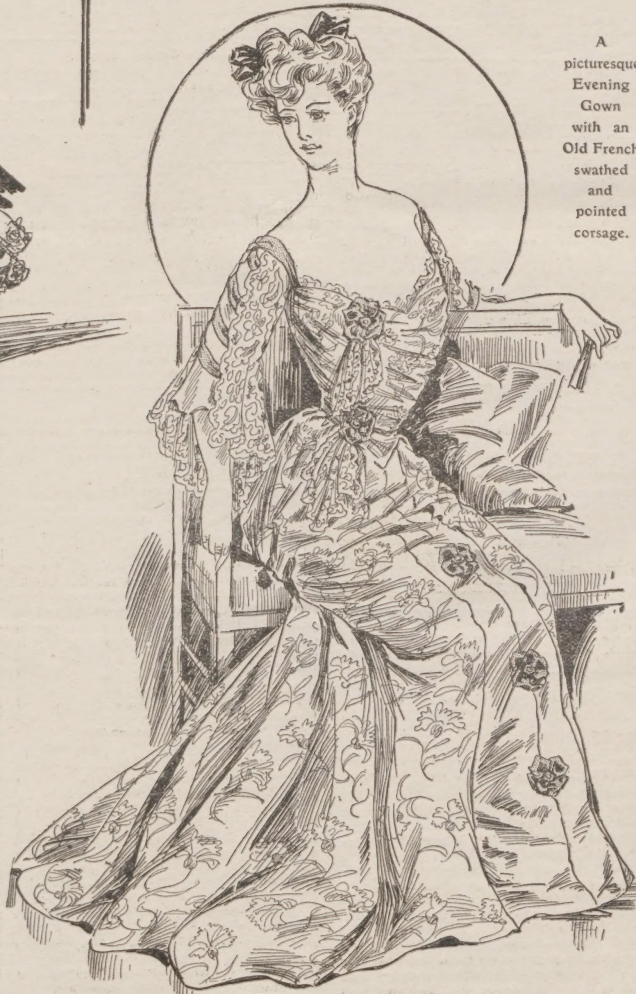
on this page. It is a French model trimmed with exquisite lace and with the quaint rosettes that are being revived so much this winter.

White and silver brocade is also worn by the bride, and talking of brides reminds me of an entirely lovely wedding dress which was made in gathered chiffon with the tiniest of spangles all over it, mounted over silver gauze; the dress and train alike were made of the chiffon and the silver, the train being tied on the shoulders with bows of silver ribbon.

Silver gauze must, however, be used with discretion, always, I would say, as a lining rather than in bare evidence, and it is impossible to dissociate a twist of silver gauze in the hair from the doll off a Twelfth cake or the fairy of pantomime.

Silver Shimmers on Evening Gowns.

A pale pink taffeta frock, trimmed with innumerable tuckings and flat pipings of taffeta, bears between two rows of these a line of silver, while the deep lace collar which outlines the décolletage of the simply gathered bodice is oversewn with



A
picturesque
Evening
Gown
with an
Old French
swathed
and
pointed
corsage.

a design of silver ribbon in bows, with tasselled ends; silver could not have been used to better effect. A black chiffon dress which dwells in my memory as wholly admirable is mounted over a lining of silver gauze, with the hem bearing double scrolls of Brodingnagian proportions, traced in what are known as "coat-of-mail" sequins in silver.

The gold we use is duller rather than bright, and for a wine-coloured cloth dress a most excellent decoration is achieved by a half-inch band of gold braid, with a tracery over it of red-currant-coloured silk, and an embroidery of the same to edge it on either side. Oxidised silver braid, embroidered in pink in the same style, is a charming finish to the pale blue cloth collar which decorates a damask-rose-coloured cloth costume.

DRESSES AT THE ADELPHI.

SOME CLEVER COLOUR SCHEMES.

FROM the rising of the curtain, when the stage is occupied by a bevy of coquettish chambermaids in full plaid silk skirts, scarlet velvet bodices, dainty aprons, and the most bewitching of caps, to the moment when it descends on a riot of roses, the eye is intoxicated by a blaze of beautiful colour harmonies.

From out this "embarras des richesses" some flame-coloured frocks made over maize colour stand forth as conspicuously beautiful. These are arranged in quite modern style, the skirts "bouillonnée" from the waist, and resolving into a flounce that falls over an effective frou-frou of shaded chiffon petticoats, which are generously displayed as their pretty wearers rock to and fro on gilt wicker chairs, supported by great soft frilled cushions of yellow silk. Especially dainty also are some dominos in an indescribable mauish pink brocade, frilled to prodigious profusion with pale green and pale pink chiffon.

Perhaps two of the most perfectly thought-out dresses were worn by some Spanish dancers, the general scheme of colour orchid mauve, but graduating from the tenderest tone, in befrilled mousseline de soie petticoats to the deepest mauve of a curiously pointed velvet tablier cut "en Princesse" with the corsage, and exquisitely wrought in gold embroidery and paillettes, these costumes completed by soft upturned Toreador hats of white felt.

The sweetest Punchinello hats, trimmed with clusters of ribbon and tied beneath the chin by the same medium, were worn with some charming Punchinello dresses bedizened with yellow, white, and scarlet ribbon.

Some Watteau designs, again, are particularly attractive, with their pretty panniers of delicate brocade, bunched over rose-wreathed skirts of spangled transparencies, their lace bodices and "bergère" hats be-looped with many ribbons. But with these,

WANTED— A Hair Hospital

There are certain phases of hair trouble doubtless beyond the pale of home treatment, and to deal with these a Hair Hospital, as suggested by "Thirty-six and Bald," in the "Daily Mail," may be a necessity. This was certainly so until Mr. Geo. R. Sims mentioned in the columns of the "Referee" that the silken locks which are still his have been kept on by the use of an invention of his own. Dagone's words were no sooner in print than an avalanche of letters poured in on him from all parts of the world, showing thereby how deeply rooted is the love for "Nature's Crown." Personal appearance counts for so much in the battle of life that the hair becomes a vital question more than ever.

"For my own part" (writes a correspondent from West Kensington) "I will willingly subscribe myself as an annual donor of one hundred guineas to the upkeep of such an hospital as suggested by 'Thirty-six and Bald,' and I am but one of the thousands who are stigmatised as: 'Thou Bald Head.'"

The following are some of those who spontaneously express their gratitude for the benefits conferred by Mr. G. R. Sims's "Tatcho."

Lady Sykes on Home Treatment.

2, Chesterfield Street, Mayfair, W.
When I first employed Mr. Geo. R. Sims's "Tatcho" I had been losing my hair rapidly for a considerable time. After applying "Tatcho" I found a considerable improvement and this has continued ever since. I cordially recommend "Tatcho."

(Lady) JESSICA SYKES.

Mrs. Norman Forbes Robertson on Home Treatment.

42, Bedford Square, London, W.C.
"Tatcho" is very much appreciated. I have used it for some time and have found it most beneficial, and have had pleasure in recommending it to my friends.

Mrs. NORMAN FORBES ROBERTSON.

Lady Powell on Home Treatment.

Torr-Almain, Dunoon, N.B.
Lady Powell thinks "Tatcho" has been very beneficial, the falling off of hair having almost ceased, and Lady Powell anticipates very good results from "Tatcho."

Bald Patch Nearly Re-covered.

59, Fortress Road, London, N.W.
I give you my experience of "Tatcho." My age is 58, hair very grey, have used one bottle of "Tatcho" in nine weeks. When I commenced I had a bald patch on top of head about 4 inches across. This is now recovered to about 2½ inches, the hair having grown all round the outer edge, and I believe it will soon be entirely covered.

JOSEPH LYON.73.

As Good a Crop as Ever.

47, Chantry Road, Southampton.
Last October my hair began falling out in large quantities and by Christmas I was almost bald. I started using your preparation, and by the time I had finished one bottle my hair had ceased falling out. I have now used two small bottles and three large ones, and am pleased to tell you that I have as good a crop of hair as ever a had.

P. SHAW.

After Twenty-two Years.

Honiton, Devon.
I lost my hair very suddenly some twenty-two years ago, and now I am pleased to say it is fast coming back, thanks to the efficacy of "Tatcho."

J. E. RICHMAN.

Altho' Seventy Years of Age.

Greenside, Stock, Essex.
Mrs. Allison had a bottle of "Tatcho" some weeks ago, and although she is over seventy years of age has found it very beneficial, as her hair which was very thin (and in some places quite bald), has grown.

Major-General Keate on Home Treatment.

High Croft, Winchester.
I find Mr. Geo. R. Sims's "Tatcho" excellent, and better than anything I have ever tried in the course of a long life. I could not have believed that any preparation could do so much good in so short a time.

Bald for Twenty Years.

51, South King Street, Manchester.
I have been bald for nearly twenty-two years, my head being as shiny as a billiard ball, and in my opinion, just as likely to ever grow hair.
I, however, sent to you for a sample bottle of "Tatcho" about a month since, and my hair has sprouted where hair used to be, so I expect shortly to be no longer known to my friends as a "bald-headed old buffer."

It has simply astounded me and my friends.

D. Q. DARLEY.

Colonel Perry on Hair Growing.

Royal Hibernian Hotel, Dawson Street, Dublin.
Mr. Geo. R. Sims's "Tatcho" is wonderful, and all to whom I recommend it praise it. I hope others have advised the use of "Tatcho" as have.

Returned to its Natural Thickness.

The Cottage, Knighton, Nr. Leicester.
I think that your "Tatcho" is an excellent hair product. Some ten weeks ago my hair came off very fast; all my friends noted that I was going very bald. After having used two bottles of your Non-Oily Preparation I am more than delighted to inform you my hair has nearly returned to its natural thickness.

JOSEPH HARWOOD.

51, Eastgate, Seaford, Lincs.
If all went to "Tatcho" with heads nearly as bald as mine was there would be few bald people seen going about.

S. AITKEN.

More Good than all Others.

Arnold Road, Elland.
"Tatcho" has certainly done my hair more good than all the other special preparations I have had for my hair.

(Miss) L. SUTCLIFFE.

Until I Tried "Tatcho."

Marksbury Rectory, Near Bristol.
I have tried several hair restorers, but found no benefit from any until I tried "Tatcho." It was simply marvellous how it improved my hair. It became quite strong and thick.

(Mrs.) E. C. PARSONS.

"TATCHO" LABORATORIES,
5, Great Queen-st., Kingsway, London, W.C.

Small Advertisements on this and the next two pages can be inserted at the rate of 12 words for Is., 1d. per word afterwards.

THE "DAILY MIRROR" DOMESTIC BUREAU.

HOW TO OBTAIN OUR DOMESTIC SERVANTS.

Owing to the large number of inquiries for servants, the *Daily Mirror* Domestic Bureau (45 and 46, New Bond-street, London, W.) will (so far as employers are concerned), only be available in future to prove regular purchasers of this paper, whose names will be registered on the books of the Bureau. A reader who wishes to obtain a servant through the Bureau should fill in and sign the following form and post when her or his name will be placed on the permanent register so long as she or he is a regular purchaser.

The form must be received at the Bureau three days before a reader can avail her- (or him-) self of the Bureau.

A fee of five shillings will be charged whenever an employer is suited with a servant—payable only when a servant has been in a situation over a month without receiving or giving notice.

No guarantee is given that a servant will accept a place offered to her (or him), and the management reserve the right to refuse to register the name of any employer.

To the Managers,

"Daily Mirror" Domestic Bureau,
45 & 46, New Bond St., London, W.

I purchase the "Daily Mirror" daily from
(Here the full name and address of the agent who supplies
the paper should be inserted.)

I require a

(Here state what servant is required.)
and, in the event of being "sued," I agree to pay 5s.
to the Bureau.

Signature of Reader.

(Name, Title, and full postal address of reader, as they
should appear on an envelope for post should be CLEARLY
written below.)

The advantages of the Bureau to Employers and Servants.

- (1) The Bureau takes up and verifies servants' references. (While every care is taken, obviously no absolute guarantee can be given.) The Employer is thus relieved of the worry and trouble of investigating references.
- (2) No servant whose references are not thoroughly satisfactory will be entered on the Bureau's register.
- (3) NO FEE OF ANY SORT IS REQUIRED OF SERVANTS.
- (4) Readers may make appointments to interview servants at the Bureau.

Servants should note that:—

- (1) No fee or charge of any kind whatever has to be paid by a servant.

- (2) A servant, whose references are satisfactory, will receive, when her name is placed on the Bureau's register, a handsome little gift.

- (3) The fact that a servant is on the Bureau's register is of itself evidence that her (or his) references are satisfactory, as no servant with unsatisfactory references is admitted thereto or allowed to remain upon it.

The Domestic Bureau is open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.; on Tuesdays from 10 a.m. to 9 p.m.; and on Saturdays, 10 a.m. to 1 p.m.

Advertisements are received at the Offices of the "Daily Mirror," 45 and 46, New Bond Street, W., and 2, Carmelite Street, E.C., between the hours of 10 and 7 (Saturdays 10 to 2), for insertion in the issue of the following day. Advertisements can be left at the Offices, or they can be sent by post, when they must be accompanied by Postal Orders (stamps will not be accepted) crossed **BANCLAY & CO.**

"Daily Mirror" Small Advertisements continued on pages 15 and 16.

SITUATIONS WANTED.

Menservants.

BUTLER; age 48; 5ft. 10in.; disengaged; good references.—Write M. 26, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

BUTLER; highly recommended; disengaged; wants place for this month; height 5ft. 8in.; good appearance.—Write M. 40, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

BUTLER or Indoor Servant; highly recommended by general; who is going abroad; age 28.—Write M. 50, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

COACHMAN; long references; experienced; age 40.—Write M. 27, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

COACHMAN; good appearance; age 44; 10 years in last situation; 15 years previous.—Write M. 49, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

DOOR-PORTER or Porter-Valet; disengaged; experienced; very smart; good references.—Write M. 34, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

FIRST Footman or Under-Butler; age 24; 5ft. 9in.; good appearance; highly recommended.—Write M. 37, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

SITUATIONS WANTED.

FIRST Footman; age 24; height 5ft.; good appearance.—Write M. 47, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

FIRST or Second Footman; age 24; 5ft. 8in.; good appearance.—Write M. 48, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

FOOTMAN or Indoor Servant; age 26; height 5ft. 9in.; good appearance; understands hunting and shooting; good references.—Write M. 1003, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

ODD-MAN; age 30; tall and strong; disengaged now.—Write M. 42, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

PORTER; age 24; strong, tall, experienced; 10s. weekly.—Write M. 1002, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

VALET or Butler-Valet; with footman; five years' excellent character; age 32 5ft. 8in.; good appearance; shooting things.—Write M. 44, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

YOUNG German (19) wishes situation as Butler or Man-Servant; good references.—John Zimmermann, De Keyser's Royal Hotel, E.C.

CHEF; from 15s. weekly; very good reference; very good at pastry.—Write M. 41, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

SITUATIONS WANTED.

Cooks.

COOK (good); age 27; 4ft. 10in.; two years' good reference; wants kitchenmaid.—Write K. 112, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

COOK (very good plain); 26; nearly three years' good reference.—Write K. 111, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

COOK (good plain); age 40; 26; well recommended.—Write K. 110, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

COOK (good plain); Swedish; 22; speaks no English; highly recommended.—Write K. 610, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

COOK, thoroughly experienced; good references; wants place in hotel; good carver.—Write M. 1001, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

COOK, with kitchen and scullerymaids; 60; town and country; excellent experience.—Write 457, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

COOK; temporary job till April; 24 years' reference; personally recommended; 22s.—Write K. 116, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

SITUATIONS WANTED.

COOK; aged 30; 26; wants London; well recommended.—Write K. 115, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

COOK (very good); aged 31; 26; nearly 9 years' reference; very highly recommended.—Write K. 114, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

COOK (plain) disengaged; age 39; 26.—Write K. 113, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

COOK-HOUSEKEEPER; age 35; 26; recommended as a good cook and the rougher sort.—Write K. 611, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

Caretaker.

CARETAKER; now in London; age 40; can cook well.—Write H. 148, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

Housekeepers.

A Housekeeper to single gentleman; place of trust; capable references; speaks Spanish.—Write M. 508, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A Housekeeper where servants kept; age 30; A thoroughly experienced.—Mrs. Morris, 4, Nutfield-villas, East Molesey.

SITUATIONS WANTED.

HOUSEKEEPER; age 50; over three years' character; 6-0-45.—Write K. 601, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

HOUSEKEEPER (day); now in town, experienced, seeks situation; town or country.—Write L. 73, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

Companions.

COMPANION; age 22; 22; good needlework; seeks situation.—Write L. 47, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

COMPANION; age 20; small salary.—Write L. 511, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

Lady's Maids.

MAID; age 35; experienced handmaiden, dressmaker, traveller.—Write L. 509, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

MAID; couleure German; also speaks English, French; highly recommended.—Write L. 508, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

MAID (German) wants place; 23; good dressmaker, packer; most obliging and useful.—Write L. 44, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

SIMPLE DISHES.

No. 124.—SCALLOPS AU GRATIN.

INGREDIENTS:—One and a half dozen scallops, half a pint of egg sauce, one ounce of butter, browned crumbs, salt, pepper, and nutmeg.

Thickly butter a deep, fireproof dish. Shake it over inside with some of the crumbs. Remove the black portion from the scallops, and cut each in half. Arrange them in the dish. Season the sauce well with salt, pepper, and a dust of nutmeg. Pour in enough of this sauce to well moisten the fish. Put a good layer of crumbs over the top. Break small bits of butter and place them on the crumbs. Bake in a moderate oven till the scallops feel perfectly tender when a skewer is pushed into them. Serve at once in the dish they were cooked in.

Cost 3s. for eight portions.

No. 125.—ALMOND CAKE.

INGREDIENTS:—Nine ounces of flour, six ounces of butter, six ounces of almond sugar, three ounces of ground almonds, five eggs, half a teaspoonful each of baking powder, essence of almonds, orange flower water, and lemon juice.

Line a cake-tin with two layers of greased paper,

cream the butter and sugar till very soft, whisk the eggs till thick and frothy, mix the flour, baking powder, and ground almonds. Beat the eggs into the butter and sugar, stir in the flour, etc., very lightly, also the almond essence, lemon juice, and orange flower water. Put the mixture into the tin; bake very carefully in a moderate oven for about an hour. Stand the cake-tin in a baking-tin which contains a layer of salt or sand if your oven burns cakes underneath.

Cost 1s. 6d. for about ten portions.

No. 126.—CHEESE AND MACARONI BALLS.

INGREDIENTS:—Two ounces of well boiled macaroni, two ounces of grated Parmesan cheese, half an ounce of grated Gruyere cheese, one ounce of butter, one ounce of flour, one gill of milk, one raw yolk of egg, one whole raw egg, seasoning, parsley, frying fat and crumbs.

Chop the macaroni in small rings. Melt the butter and stir it into the flour. Add the milk and stir till it boils well. Add to this panada the cheese, macaroni, raw yolk, and season it well. Re-cook for a minute or so, turn the mixture on to a plate, and let it cool. Shape it into small balls; egg and crumb these twice. Fry a pretty brown in plenty of hot, clean fat. Drain them

on paper. Serve arranged in a pyramid on a lace paper, garnished with fried parsley.

Cost 10d. for twelve portions.

No. 127.—BROWN I BREAD CREAM.

INGREDIENTS:—Four ounces of wholemeal bread crumbs, one gill of good custard, half a pint of cream, one ounce of sheet gelatine, one ounce of castor sugar, three tablespoonfuls of water, curacao, one gill of clear wine jelly, half an ounce of pistachio nuts.

Put the crumbs in a basin. Decorate a mould prettily with the clear jelly and a design in pistachio nuts. Stir the custard gradually into the crumbs. Dissolve the gelatine and sugar in the water. Whip the cream till it just hangs on the whisk. Strain the gelatine, when it is a little cooled, into the crumbs. Add lightly the whipped cream. Flavour it with the liqueur. If it is not a pretty fawn colour, add a drop or two of caramel. Pour the cream into the mould. Leave it till set. Turn out carefully and put a little chopped jelly round it.

Cost 2s. for eight portions.

THE HOUSE-PROUD WOMAN.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS THAT ARE ORNAMENTAL AND USEFUL.

THE chafing dish is enjoying a greater vogue than ever, and a chafing dish supper forms one of the most popular and pleasant informal meals after the theatre. Silver or aluminium chafing dishes rank among the Christmas presents of this winter, and may be purchased in sizes that vary from the small cooker fit for the supper à deux to the dish that will provide for a dozen guests.

Another table necessity that will specially appeal to late comers at breakfast is a heating stand for dishes made of silver plate with an aluminium tray at the top, fitted beneath with a spirit lamp. The use of aluminium is a happy idea, for it prevents the dish from becoming over-cooked and burnt. These are altogether delightful gifts, and furnish two among many novelties which are to be found this season for the equipment of the table.

Every Christmas season introduces change and variety in the glass that furnishes the modern dinner table. This year many hostesses, who do not know it already, will be charmed with the quaint Nuremberg glass that adds so much beauty to the crystal appointments of the table.

There is now a distinct feeling for long-stemmed glasses. The Nuremberg glass, fashioned in tints of chateaux and olive green, is especially charming in this respect, and the round, curved bowl, with its rim of glistening gold supported by a stem and base beautifully proportioned and balanced, is an artistic object indeed. The new liqueur glasses are all distinguished by thin, light, graceful stems, and afford a welcome change from the somewhat squat ones to which we have so long been accustomed.

English Cut Glass in E Fashion.

Cut glass made in England is again in high favour, and is given the further charm of a decoration of delicate lines of gold as an ornament to the rim. Housewives who delight in decorative schemes for their tables are particularly pleased with this revival, as the prismatic hues that emanate from the cut glass as it catches the rays of the lamp or candle light furnish in themselves a harmony of glowing colour.

A present that will find favour with the faddist is an artistic goblet holder, which is used either by lovers of Russian tea or by those who, in these days of diet crazes, solemnly sip a glass of hot milk before retiring to their rooms. The glass that fits into the holder is of the finest crystal, and the holder itself, formed either of silver or pewter is remarkable for its elegant and symmetrical form. The handle is a boon, for a glass that contains boiling liquid is not a pleasant thing to grasp.



The Daily Time-Saver.

THE DISH OF THE DAY.

No. 35.—HOMARD A LA CARLTON.

By M. ESCOFFIER, Chef of the Carlton Hotel.

Divide in two parts lengthwise a fine, live lobster, slightly crush the claws, remove the queen (i.e., a little bag near the head containing some gravel), put the spawns aside in a plate, and work it up with the aid of a fork with two ounces of fresh butter, a little cayenne pepper, a teaspoonful of parsley, chervil and tarragon chopped together very finely, the juice of a lemon, and two spoonfuls of Sauce Diable.

Broil the divided parts of the lobster, put them on a very hot silver dish, the flesh side upward, cover up with the above mixture, pour a gill of liqueur brandy round, and set alight when entering the room.

Memoranda for Housekeepers.

The daily time-saver for housekeepers is intended to assist in the morning task of ordering the supplies for the day. Careful study of it will show that it has been so designed as to meet the requirements of those directing establishments conducted on a moderate scale of expense, as well as those on a grand scale.

The choice of dishes will be changed every day, and menus of any length can be easily drawn up from it. They will be specially devised to suit the needs of large and small families.

The lists were corrected at the various London markets on Thursday evening

PROVISIONS IN SEASON.

Fish. Sole. Plaice. Brill. Cod. Dorset. Smelts. Halibut. Mullet. Mackerel. Oysters. Shrimps.

Meat. Mutton. Beef. Veal. Pork. Game and Poultry. Geese. Ducks. Chickens. Rabbits. Celery. Wild Duck. Pheasants. Plovers. Teal. Partridges. Venison.

Vegetables. Sorrel. Sea-kale. Spinach. French Beans. Celery. Tomatoes. Leeks. Brussels Sprouts. Cauliflowers. Asparagus. Globe and Jerusalem Artichokes.

FRUIT IN SEASON.

Californian and English Apples. Medlars. Lychees. Melons. Figs. Oranges. Pineapples. Pomegranates. Grapes. Persimmons. Nuts of all kinds.

FLOWERS IN SEASON.

Blazeons for the Table. White Lilac. Orchids. Mimosa. Roses. Arum Lilies. Chrysanthemums. Tinted Oak and Beech Leaves. Plants and Cut Flowers for the House. Spineas. Cape Gooseberries. Eucalyptus Plant. Auratium and Laucifolium Lilies. Maidenhair. Polypodium.

W

A CHOICE OF DISHES.

BREAKFAST.

Kedgerie. Brain Fritters. Grilled Ham and Eggs. Potted Game. Rolled Tongue.

LUNCH.

Veal Broth. Scallops au Gratin. Roast and Stuffed Leg of Pork, Apple Sauce. Savoury Rolls. Poached Eggs with Spaghetti. Tricolee Sponge, Sweet Sauce. Stewed Chestnuts with Cream. Cheese Custards.

COLD DISHES.

Mayonnaise of Lobster. Glazed Ham. Chicken Patties. Hot Tea Biscuits. Red-currant Jelly Sandwiches. *Almond Cake.

Doughnuts. Chocolate Biscuits.

DINNER.

Soup. Pigeon Purée. Fillets of Brill with American Sauce. Baked Smelts.

ENTRÉE.

Kidneys à la Madrid. Noisettes of Mutton with Green Butter.

GAME.

Roast Pheasant. Quails in Aspic. Saddle of Mutton. Pigeons with Cress.

VEGETABLES.

Potato Straws. Stewed Cauliflower. Chocolate Meringue with Apricot Sauce. *Brown Bread Cream.

SAVOURIES.

*Cheese and Macaroni Balls. Sardines à l'Italienne. Ice. Orange Water.

Recipes of all the dishes marked on this list with asterisks are given on this page.

N

MARKETING BY POST

12 words Is., Id. per word afterwards.

In view of the fact that the ordering of articles for use in the household by post is becoming increasingly popular

the "Daily Mirror" has started a special department entitled "Marketing by Post" for the benefit of readers wishing to obtain goods and adver-

tisers wishing to sell them through this medium.

APPLES.—Finest dessert and good cookers: carefully packed boxes, 44lbs. gross, 7s. 6d.

BETTER than Cod Liver Oil.—Devonshire Clotted Cream; absolutely pure; 1lb. 1s. 4d., 1lb. 2s. 4d., free.—Mrs. Conyers, Morchardbishop, Devonshire.

CHRISTMAS Turkeys; splendid birds; at 10s. 9s., 7s. 6d., and 6s. each; Large fatted Geese, 5s. each; Large fat Fowls 4s. a pair; a

young; trussed; post free.—Miss Cox, Ross-carbery, Cork.

CUT FLOWERS.—Large boxes choice chrysanthemums, carriage paid, 1s. 6d.—Wilkinson, Oulton Broad Nurseries, Lowestoft.

ELLALINE TERRISS, Edna May, Mabel Love use Markselywn's Betanaphthol Soap.

EXTRAORDINARY Value.—1 doz. fine old Tawny Port, 20s.; $\frac{1}{2}$ doz., 11s.; cases free; carriage paid; cash with order.—Burden and Co., Foreign Wine Importers, 55, Tower-hill.

FINE Fowls, 4s. to 5s. pair; Turkeys, 5s. 6d. to 11s. each; trussed free.—Miss Price, Rosscarbery.

LIVE FISH.—Choice selected Basket fresh Fish. 6lbs., 2s.; 9lbs., 2s. 6d.; 11lbs., 3s.; 14lbs., 3s. 6d.; 21lbs. 6s. Carriage paid. Cleaned.

SCARBOROUGH Simnel Cakes.—Send 1s. 10d. to Frances Taylor and Sons (original makers).

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famed Simmel, ye kinge of cakes; Simmels for
Xmas 1s. 10d. to 11s. 6d., carriage paid; book
with every cake.

SPLENDID Christmas Turkeys, 10s., 8s. 6d.,
7s. 6d., and 6s. each; Christmas Geese,

4s. 6d. each; Large Fowls, 4s. pair; trussed; carriage paid.—Miss Santry, Beach, Rosscarbery, Cork.

WHISKY DE LUXE.—Two bottles "Grouse" Liqueur Whisky by post, 7s. 6d.—Matthew Gloag, Perth, N.B. Established 1800.

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MORTGAGES.—Messrs. Stocker and Roberts have several large and small funds available for advance on approved securities preferably south-east district: rents collected, and

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Telephone, 1755 Central.

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A N ALL ROUND COMMERCIAL EDECA

ACTION.—Pitman's Metropolitan School, Fouthampton-row, corner of Russell-square, W.C. (late 27, Chancery-lane), subjects taught—short hand, typewriting, bookkeeping, writing, arithmetic, business training, French, German, Spanish, Civil Service, etc.; oldest, largest, and most successful business college in the world; theoretical and practical training in all courses.

thorough and practical training in all commercial subjects by staff of 70 expert teachers; individual tuition; completion for fixed fee; daily, 10 to 9, except Saturdays; situation bureau; free registry; state qualifications and learn what engagements are open; 1,500 appointments registered annually; call or write for new prospectus.

BAD WRITING rapidly changed into business style; thousands have benefited by our famous system of individual instruction, book-keeping, shorthand, typewriting, arithmetic, Spanish, Portuguese, etc.—Smith and Smart (established 1840), 59, Bishopsgate Within.

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CIVIL SERVICE EXAMS.—Expert correspondence tuition; immense success; low fees.—Write prospectus, Secretary, National Civil Service Correspondence College, 1000 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

"DRESS CUTTING" made simple and perfect; no fitting or refitting required. Ladies desirous of making their own dresses can have a perfect fit without any trouble; can be

learned in 12 lessons without a previous knowledge of dressmaking; send for prospectus; patterns cut to measure from 2s. each.—"Acme Simplicimus Academy," 103, Regent-street, London, W.

DAILY MIRRORS.

Advertisement Rates 12 words 1s., 1d. per word afterwards.

The articles advertised in these columns are not on show at the "Daily Mirror" Offices in Bond-street. Readers must communicate with the advertisers by letter.

Dress. F

A CHARMING blue and brown short mousseline gown, trimmed cream lace, trails of brown chiffon flowers, applied; Lucille—The Bond Street Dress Agency, 95, New Bond-street.

A CHARMING model Blouse in turquoise velvet, with white collared and white chiffon—The Bond Street Dress Agency, 95, New Bond-street.

A CHARMING pair mauve broadcloth Corsets, size 35 inches; quite new, cost 34 guineas; price 18s.—The Bond Street Dress Agency, 95, New Bond-street.

A CHARMING model Blouse, in black lace over black and white chiffon, with lace of guipure lace; edges three pipings, champagne colour satin—The Bond Street Dress Agency, 95, New Bond-street.

A CHARMING black chiton Evening Gown; skirt gauged from waist to knees; bodice of hockney jet—The Bond Street Dress Agency, 95, New Bond-street.

A CHARMING set in mauve panna, consisting of large picture hat, Grass, Muff, and Russian bolero Coat; extremely smart; 45 guineas—The Bond Street Dress Agency, 95, New Bond-street.

A DAINTY Evening Dress of white nuns' veiling, with accordion-pleated angel sleeves and white ruffles—The Bond Street Dress Agency, 95, New Bond-street.

A LOVELY model Blouse in black chiffon over white; trimmings, white foundation; touches of pale blue on bodice; by Paillard, Paris—The Bond Street Dress Agency, 95, New Bond-street.

A LOVELY black fancy silk picture Gown (by Calot, Paris); impossible to describe; should be seen at once—The Bond Street Dress Agency, 95, New Bond-street.

A LOVELY sable Cape, very full; reach below waist; cost 180 guineas last year; price 88s.—The Bond Street Dress Agency, 95, New Bond-street.

A LOVELY Pair of white satin Corsets, hooded with pink poppies; cost 4 guineas; price 25s.—The Bond Street Dress Agency, 95, New Bond-street.

A MAGNIFICENT turquoise velvet Tea Gown, trimmed with quality lace; cost 60 guineas; price 410s.—The Bond Street Dress Agency, 95, New Bond-street.

A MAGNIFICENT pale blue three-quarter Opera Coat (by Russell and Allen); in accordion-pleated; trimmings, lace of silk; covered real lace; draped fichu pale blue; panner, price 410s.—The Bond Street Dress Agency, 95, New Bond-street.

A VERY charming Petticoat, in orange Rameau satin; lavishly trimmed chiffon, black lace, and French knots—The Bond Street Dress Agency, 95, New Bond-street.

A VERY charming model Gown in nut-brown black; gauged and tucked; trimmed silk head; in handsome design—The Bond Street Dress Agency, 95, New Bond-street.

A VERY pretty painted chiton Evening Gown, designed ribbon and rose; black lace insertion; by Jay; 47s; quite fresh—The Bond Street Dress Agency, 95, New Bond-street.

A VERY gorgeous orange-coloured velvet Opera Coat, applied chertils in handsome design; trimmings, lace of silk—The Bond Street Dress Agency, 95, New Bond-street.

A VERY beautiful black velvet model Gown (by Worth, Paris); trimmings, lace of silk—The Bond Street Dress Agency, 95, New Bond-street.

A LOVELY tomato-red cloth Coat and Skirt; trimmed fancy chertils; trimmings, lace of silk—The Bond Street Dress Agency, 95, New Bond-street.

A VERY gorgeous Duchesse Evening Gown, in black and white; trimmings, lace of silk—The Bond Street Dress Agency, 95, New Bond-street.

A VERY handsome Empire Gown in black net, elaborately sequined with jet and sequins; very elegant; by Woodland Bros.; 45 guineas; price 410s.—The Bond Street Dress Agency, 95, New Bond-street.

A VERY fine quality seakink Coat; reach just below waist; long lace, and front; double-breasted; large chinchilla collar; 415s.—The Bond Street Dress Agency, 95, New Bond-street.

AFTERNOON Gown of black and white satin (founder, trimmings, lace of silk—The Bond Street Dress Agency, 95, New Bond-street.

A Extremely handsome French model Gown, in shepherd's check, piped red; trimmed red and white; trimmings, lace of silk—The Bond Street Dress Agency, 95, New Bond-street.

A Extremely handsome black Gown in soft satin, entirely covered with lovely large jet fringe; trimmings, lace of silk—The Bond Street Dress Agency, 95, New Bond-street.

A Extremely smart white cloth Coat; three-quarter length; trimmed beautiful lace and cuffs—The Bond Street Dress Agency, 95, New Bond-street.

A Extremely handsome white satin Court Gown; trimmed real lace, trails flowers and leaves; trimmings, lace of silk and gold thread; cost 100 guineas; price 410s.—The Bond Street Dress Agency, 95, New Bond-street.

A Elegant lavender grey silk model Gown, semi-evening; long lace, and front; double-breasted; large chinchilla collar; 415s.—The Bond Street Dress Agency, 95, New Bond-street.

A Elegant Theatre Coat of finest face cloth, putty colour, with white satin lining; Empire shape; lovely trimmings; 43 15s.; cost 13 guineas—Write 1841, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

A Evening Toilette of black silk muslin, mounted over silk; full round skirt, and bodice gauged; 25s.—Write 1842, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

A Extremely smart Afternoon Toilette of spotted brown velvet; best quality; latest style; West End model; 42s.—Write 1843, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

A Complete outfit; 62 articles; 25s.—Write 1844, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

A Complete outfit; 62 articles; 21s.—Write 1845, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

A Complete outfit; 62 articles; 21s.—Write 1846, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

A Complete outfit; 62 articles; 21s.—Write 1847, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

A Complete outfit; 62 articles; 21s.—Write 1848, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

A Complete outfit; 62 articles; 21s.—Write 1849, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

A Complete outfit; 62 articles; 21s.—Write 1850, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

A Complete outfit; 62 articles; 21s.—Write 1851, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

A Complete outfit; 62 articles; 21s.—Write 1852, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

A Complete outfit; 62 articles; 21s.—Write 1853, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

A Complete outfit; 62 articles; 21s.—Write 1854, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

A Complete outfit; 62 articles; 21s.—Write 1855, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

A Complete outfit; 62 articles; 21s.—Write 1856, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

BARGAIN—Seakink Jacket; latest storm shape; double-breasted, with revers, storm collar; new style; 15s.—Write 1857, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

BARGAIN—Widow lady offers two-guinea Persian Llama Fur Necklet, natural white, silk lined; sacrificial loss; 15s.—Write 1858, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

BEAUTIFUL grey Astrakhan bolero Coat, with brocade lining; small size; in good condition; 35s.—Write 1859, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

BEAUTIFUL Theatre Blouse of pale green chiffon over white silk; transparent yoke and very all hanging sleeves, with openwork trimming; 35s.; 20 waist—Write 1857, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

BEAUTIFUL piece of real old Honiton lace, over black and white; 42 15s.—Write 1858, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

BEAUTIFULLY braided dark blue cloth Cape, with silk lining and high collar; quite new—Write 1857, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

BISCUIT tweed cloth Gown, trimmed very lovely Irish lace; medium size; by Lucille; 45 guineas—The Bond Street Dress Agency, 95, New Bond-street.

BLACK panne Dress; cost 16 guineas; 22in. waist; 44 asked; also Evening Gown, in deep yellow satin; trimmed white—2 guineas asked—Write 1859, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

BOYS' Sailor Suits (aged six and other clothes for sale) all good—Write 462, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

CHARMING grey squirrel short coat; suitable driving or motoring; lined white satin; medium size—Write 1863, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

CHARMING Costume of mouse-coloured velvet; richly trimmed lace and brand motifs; most becoming for tall, slight lady—Write 1864, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

CHARMING Evening Robe; net and guipure lace bodice, low neck; three-quarter sleeves; cost 12 guineas—Write 1865, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

CHARMING pink frills Costume, with silk lining; match; bolero coat, trimmed and strapped with silk; long skirt, trimmed same; 45s.—Write 1867, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

CHARMING white felt Hat; trimmed white chiffon and two lovely feather pom-poms; 25s.—Write 1868, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

COSTUMES; blouses; seakink jacket; petticoats; un-erlined; Turkey hearthrug; also plenty—Write 1869, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

DAINTY black tucked silk Costume, wide sleeves and handsome collar, with white silk lining; 25s.—Write 1870, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

DARK green cloth bagged Coat and Skirt, with crossway bands of red plaid silk; pattern; 45s.—Write 1871, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

DARK grey Habit; worn 3 times; good cut; 35s.—Write 1872, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

ELEGANT pink silk Evening Petticoat, point of esprit flounce, black bob ribbon, just over knee; match; bolero coat, 42s.—Write 1873, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

EVENING Robe; accented plaid; Japanese silk, 5 yards round flounce; one black, one ivory also blouse to match; low neck; 35s.—Write 1874, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

EXCEEDINGLY smart brown cloth Gown; trimmed and strapped glass silk and 10s.—Write 1875, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

EXCELLENT quality black Thicket Collette (founder, trimmings, lace of silk—The Bond Street Dress Agency, 95, New Bond-street.

FASHIONABLE red box-cloth Coat; braided and trimmed black Astrakhan; lined black; 45s.—Write 1876, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

FINE quality black broadtail Russian Coat, with large sable collar and revers; lined black; 45s.—Write 1877, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

FOR sale, three-quarter seakink Jacket; semi-evening; 45s.—Write 440, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

FRENCH model Gown of Wedgwood blue and white; trimmings, lace of silk—The Bond Street Dress Agency, 95, New Bond-street.

FURS—Magnificent Alexandra Dagmar Necklet and Muff, beautiful real Russian sable hair; worth 44s.—Write 1878, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

GOLF Jersey; new shape, blue and white stripe; 3s.—Write 1879, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

GREY voile Dress over silk; new; made for wedding; trimmed black lace very smart; 7 guineas; 45s.—Write 468, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

HANDKERCHIEFS.—Remarkable Offer.—Ladies' hem-stamped Handkerchiefs, special 12 dozen, 1 dozen 9s. 6d. post free—Broughton, Peel-street, Accrington.

HANDSOME black Mantle, elaborately braided, collar edged beautiful black silky fur; 45s.—Write 1880, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

HANDSOME black velvet semi-coat; beautifully trimmed silk applique, with large black Thicket collar and cuffs; lined broad—Write 1881, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

HANDSOME black Persian Fur Coat; rich galon cuffs and stone fronts, with new shape; 45s.—Write 1882, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

HANDSOME heliotrop silk Dinner Gown, with rich pascapine and ficelle lace; trimmings; 25s.—Write 1883, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

HANDSOME real sable Cape; fashionable shape; frill front and bottom; 430s.—Write 1884, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

LADY desires purchaser for two light Evening Gowns, one Visiting Toilet, and some smart Blouses; all beautifully made; silk lined; suit tall, thin figure; reasonable prices; no orders—Write 1885, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

LADY, owing to unforeseen circumstances, has some Underclothing and silk Skirts to dispose of.—Address Nolah, c/o Bell's Advertising Agency, 145, High Holborn.

LADY'S thick dark blue three quarter Coat, belted black cape piped, and facings of white; 35s.—Write 1886, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

LADY'S Evening Frock of cream spotted net over silk, with handsome yoke and sleeves of silk; 45s.—Write 1887, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

LADY'S maid's practice Wig for sale; long hair, net with black curls; 21s.—Write 1888, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

LADY'S Mackintosh; latest style; warm, red colour, with hood and collar; lined pink; 1819, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

LARGE picture Hat, pastel-blue felt, trimmed lace shade feather and handsome ornaments; 1819, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

LONG rainproof Coat, cravatette, sea shape; medium size; 40s.—Write 1889, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

LOVELY cream silk Coat and Bonnet, lined white silk, for little girl, fitted with silk braids; trimmings; 1819, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

LOVELY Evening Gown of black crepe de Chine over glass silk; charming bodice with emerald velvet lattice work on sleeves; puffed skirt; 45s.—Write 1890, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

LOVELY white fur Necklet and Muff; lined white silk; only made once; 45s.—Write 1891, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

LOVELY white velvet Opera Coat; lined for sale; silk brocade, with handsome silk lace collar, edged chiffon frill; 45 10s.; quite new—Write 1892, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

MAGNIFICENT red fox Hat; heads, tails; cost 410 10s.; sell 45s.—Write 1893, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

MOURNING.—Lady would like to dispose of fine Gown, and navy blue Outer Coat; small size; very reasonable—Write 1894, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

MOURNING.—Lady wishes to dispose of some stylish Hat, and two smart Visiting Outcomes; wait 22, skirt 40; low prices—Write 1895, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

NAVY SERGE, Real, from 1s. 3jd. yard; Wonderful value, patterns free—Cracknell, Portico, W.

NEWMARKET Coat and Skirt; very stylish; brown cloth; West end model; 45s.—Write 1896, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

NEWMARKET Coat and Skirt of Irish flannel; strapped with silk; 45s.—Write 1897, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

NEW mauve and white brocade belt French skirt; 45s.—Write 1898, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

ONE Hundred Ladies' Nightdresses, slightly faded; high quality; cost 45s.—Write 1899, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

PARIS Demi-Toilette of black silk muslin over black; 45s.—Write 1900, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

PARIS model Gown of mulberry face cloth, trimmed sable; silk lined; very smart; to match of velvet and sable tails; 5 guineas; the two, cost double average size—Write 1901, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

PARIS model Evening Gown of cream collienne; trimmed notted silk fringe and pleated chiffon; silk-lined throughout; quite new—Write 1902, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

PLEATED Coat and Skirt of Scotch tweed; pelorine cape; collar, revers, and cuffs of black velvet; 45s.—Write 1903, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

REAL sable Coat and Muff; cost 430s.; sell 420s.; as new—Write 1904, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

RUSSIAN Bear Skin, rich, dark, and full, 17 25s. 6d.; worth 45s.; rich real smoked fox skin Necklet, 12s. 6d.; black caracul 75s. long stole and Muff 27s. 6d.; worth 45s.; new; approval—Maid, 55, Handforth-road, S.W.

SMART black cloth driving Coat; semi-evening; 45s.—Write 1905, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

SMART dark zibeline Costume with red velvet applique on skirt and coat; silk blouse to match; average size; 44 10s.—Write 1906, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

SMART pale blue frills bolero Coat and pleated Skirt; former lined silk; handsome collar trimming and applique; 20 35s.—Write 1907, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

SMART nut-brown semi-fitting Coat and plain skirt; 40s.—Write 1908, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

SMART Skirts for smart people; strictly tailored; price 6s. 6d.; made to measure; dress and style beyond reproach; lovely patterns free—Rawdson, Bedford, North.

SMART tailor-made grey-blue Outer Costume; coat with dainty waistcoat lined silk; 21 skirt; 45s.—Write 1909, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

SMART black caracul Coat, with mink collar; 5 guineas.—The Bond Street Dress Agency, 95, New Bond-street.

SMART Visiting Costume of golden brown faced cloth, long pleated skirt, Russian coat, trimmed thick lace collar and silk motifs, lined silk; 45s.—Write 1910, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

SOCIETY ladies' lovely Gowns; extraordinarily cheap—Dress Agency, 21, Montpelier-street, Knightsbridge.

STYLISH cream cloth Costume; lined silk; trimmed broad black latest fashion; bolero coat, short skirt; 44 39 52s.—Write 1911, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

STYLISH Harris tweed sea Coat and skirt; 45s.—Write 1912, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

STYLISH grey snow-fake Outdoor Costume for short, slight lady; short skirt; little silk like black; 45s.—Write 1913, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

STYLISH royal blue hopack "trottoir" Costume; belted coat and pleated skirt; 45s.—Write 1914, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

THE Sloane Dress Agency, 166, Sloane-street, Bazaar of all kinds; smart gowns, etc., purchased.

THEATRE House of Ivory Oriental satin with fashionable yoke and armlets of French-trimmed tulle; 45s.—Write 1915, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

TROTTOIR "Costume, navy flecked white, Russian coat, three capes, pleated skirt; 45s.—Write 1916, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

TWO silk mink Underskirts; cerise and black and mauve striped; two flounces; 45s.—Write 1917, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

TWO white outer Coats; 12s. 6d. each; perfect; never been touched; 12s. 6d. each; 45s.—Write 1918, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

UNDERLINEN.—10s. 6d. parcel; three chemises, three knickers, two petticoats, three nightdresses; 10s. 6d.—Eva, 69, Union-road, Clapham.

USEFUL Afternoon Gown of bottle green cloth; long skirt, fashionably made; 22s. 40s.—Write 1919, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

USEFUL, dark homespun Costume; latest style; three-quarter, semi-sleeve; short skirt; 32s.—Write 1920, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

USEFUL House-Gown; fine black cashmere, with silk merino and French jet trimmings; suit made; 45s.—Write 1921, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

VERY smart grey-blue frills Gown; trimmed Oriental gale; cream lace motifs inset; lined silk; Paris model; average figure; 44 15s.—Write 1922, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

WARM, useful winter Coat of dark grey faced cloth, lined red cloth facing and cuffs; 25s.—Write 1923, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

WINE RED cloth Gown, handsomely trimmed; strapings of silk; quite up-to-date; tall, full figure; 42 18s.—Write 1924, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

WINTER Coat; thick black cloth; semi-sat; beautifully braided; 30s.—Write 1925, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

YOUNG gentleman, aged eighteen, going abroad; complete outfit for sale; all new—Write 1926, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

DAINTY smart Caps for elderly lady; made of velvet and silk bob ribbon; 7s. 6d. the three—Write 1927, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

12 GUINEA royal blue face cloth Gown; West End make; scarcely worn; 20s. 41s.—Write 1928, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

WANTED, fancy dresses, girl, boy, five, girl, four, cheap and clean—Write 469, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

Miscellaneous. H

BARGAIN.—Damask table linen; three satin damask table cloths, 21 yards long; 45s.—Write 1929, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

BARGAIN.—Table Outfit; 12 large knives, 12 small, and 12 spoons; 12s.—Write 1930, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

BEAUTIFUL Christmas Present.—Lady's Toilet Set, hair brush, French bevelled mirror and comb; all mounted silver; finish black; 10s. complete—M. Bradley, 9, Hamel-street, E.C.

BAVY'S swinging Coat; Madras muslin over blue; 24s. 6d.; new—Mater, 144, Adelaide-road, Brockley.

BARGAIN.—Fish Eaters (6 pairs); real silver handles, hall marked, 29s. 6d.; 6 silver-handled tea knives, 18s. 6d.; pair silver-handled Fish Carvers, 16s. 6d.; pair silver-handled Fish Carvers, 16s. 6d.; all perfectly new, in handsome cases; elegant presents; approval.—Matrix, Pool's, 90, Fleet-street, London.

BEAUTIFUL Lounge for drawing-room or boudoir, 6ft. long, 3ft. wide, raised one end, covered pink brocade; good condition; 45s.—Write 1931, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

BEAUTIFUL case of 12 Desert Knives and Forks; mother-of-pearl handles; best silver plate; velvet-lined leather case; 55s.—Write 1932, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

CHRISTMAS Cards and Presents; special sections sent on approval.—H. Poole, Stationer, 97, Essex-street, Euston-square, S.W.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.—Gentlemen's 17 shirt and collar protectors; made by lady; handsome, warm, useful; 4s.—Write 451, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

CLAUDE DE LOIRRAINE Littere Veritatis (plated, 83 to 400, engraved by J. Lebon, bound in Russia; m.c.a. Studies of Heads, after Raphael, by Caron of Raphael, 6 plates; Perelle View (various), 10 plates; Engravings after Katsen, etc.—M., 4, Temple-street, London).

COVENTRY Eagle table; Warwick first-grade tyres; plated rims; springs; nearly new—Write 469, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

DIAMOND Kaffir crystal pheasant Brooch, 12s. 6d.; cost 80s.; artistically designed doublet, emeralds and rubies, representing pheasant; 45s.—Write 1933, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

DINING-room Suite of carved walnut, 6 ord. and 6rd. large chair, couch, and 6 ord. and 6rd. large chair, couch, and 6 ord. and 6rd. large chair, couch, and 6 ord. and 6rd. large chair, couch, and 6 ord. and 6